TRUE WEST

August, 1961

25¢

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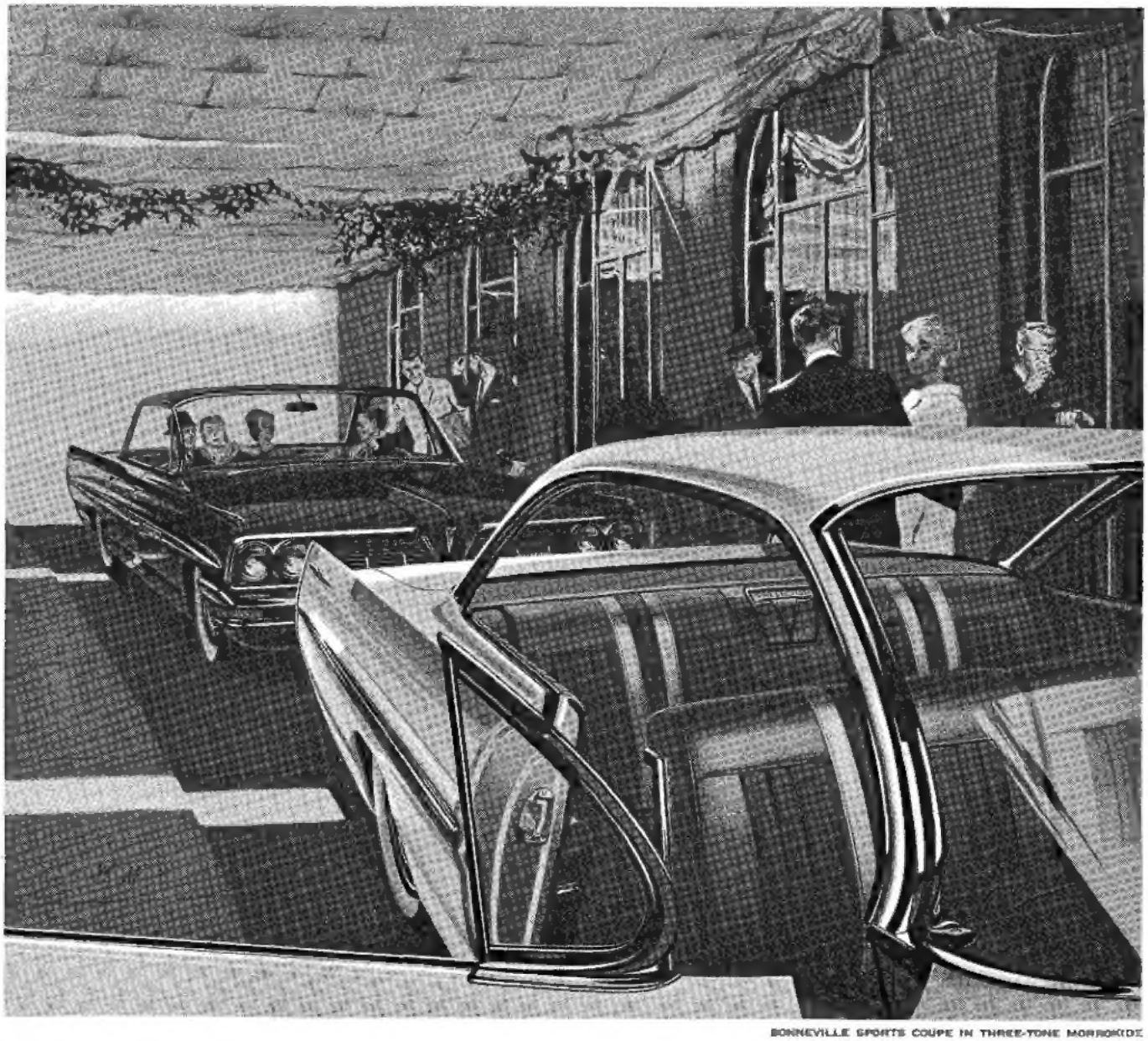
JOAQUIN MURIETTA

The Scourge of El Dorado

By Tom Bailey



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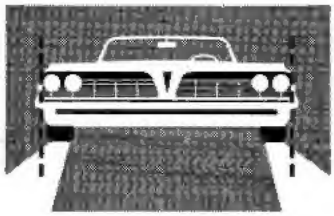

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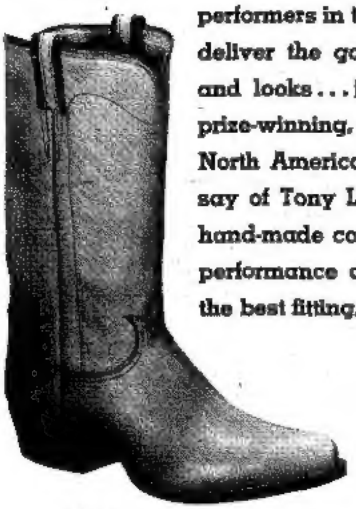

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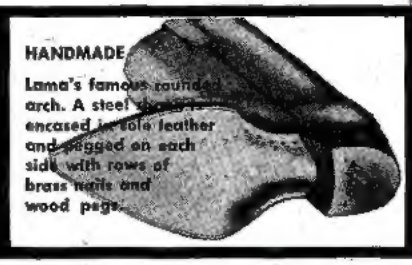

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July-August, 1961
Volume 8, No. 6
Whole No. 46

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

In This Issue—

TRULY WESTERN 4

THE SCOURGE OF EL DORADO ..... By Tom Bailey 6

LAST OF THE ROCK-DRILL CHAMPIONS .... By Norman B. Wiltsey 11

MEMORIES OF THE HORSE AGE ..... By J. Frank Dobie 12

THE LONG SEARCH ..... By Thomas P. Kelley 14

PENITENT OF THE PLAINS ..... By Kittie Dale 17

THE FALLING STAR GOLD MYSTERY ..... By Tom Bailey and William B. Forbes 18

EIGHTEEN MONTHS OF GLORY ..... By Curtis Bishop 20

I SURVIVED THE MASSACRE OF TRES CASTILLOS ..... By James Kaywaykla as told to Eva Ball 22

BUGGIES ARE BACK! ..... By Tom O'Dwyer 24

COUSIN JACKS AND FIGHTING MICKS ..... By John Hoffman 26

"DUSKY DEMON" ..... By Milt Hinkle 30

WILD OLD DAYS! 34

VETERAN OF THE BLACK HILLS ..... By Mildred Fielder 36

RUBE BURROW ..... By John Carson 39

ASK TRUE WEST 41

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 60

Cover by Lea McCarty

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 5008, 709 West 19th St., Austin 31, Texas. 25c per copy, $3.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions. $3.75 for 12 issues in Canada and all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas.

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IT'S ON THE NEWSSTANDS NOW!

Check This Partial List of Contents:

HE MADE THE COLT PISTOL WORK—Sam Walker was a Texas Ranger and Sam Colt a New York gunsmith. Mix their genius together and presto!, the famous Colt six-shooter was born! Sam Walker, Indian fighter and bandido-chaser, soon gave the revolver its first taste of glory.

CHEROKEE GENERAL—Stand Watie, a fullblooded Cherokee Indian, led troops from the Indian Territory in battle during the Civil War. He was the last Confederate general to lay down his arms.

THE MAD MEXICAN MILLIONAIRE—J. Frank Dobie spins the fantastic-but-true tale of Pedro Alvarado, who went from rags to riches and back to rags again.

LYNCHING OF THE RUGGLES BROTHERS—The story of Charles and John Ruggles, a pair of handsome California badmen, who made the mistake of shooting a popular shotgun messenger while robbing the Weaverville-Redding stage. The irate citizens of Shasta, California, launched a manhunt that ended when the brothers swung at the end of a lynching rope.

SITTING BULL'S BOSS—The story of the friendship established between Sitting Bull and Mountie James Walsh, who administered the Queen's justice with an understanding countenance. Although Sitting Bull eventually faced the inevitable and led his people back to the United States, he never forgot the Mountie who had protected him.

LOST GOLD ON PADRE ISLAND—There's a wealth of sunken treasure off the Texas coast, near Corpus Christi. Mexican, Spanish and pirate treasures have been recorded lost near this vacation spot. Although searches in the past have not uncovered these fortunes, that doesn't mean some lucky treasure-seeker won't cash in—perhaps soon!

THE MAN WITH A GOOD IDEAR—A homey, heartwarming story of two miners who prospected the wild-and-woolly country around Florence, Idaho, before the turn of the century. The story is highlighted by the surprising Slim, who saved his fortune by turning actor at the right moment.

THE BOY WHO WALKED A WHITE CLOUD—Bill Judge's delightful telling of a famous Crow legend—the story of "Long Hair," an ugly duckling who became one of the bravest and most famous leaders of his tribe. Derided and shunted aside, the youth fled into exile, only to have a woman come to him in a vision and prophesy the greatness that would be his if he followed her commands.

THE WEST ON THEIR BACKS—Most people laugh at burros, those floppy-eared, sorrowful beasts with lonesome eyes and ratty hides, but without them the West would never have known some of its greatest successes. They would carry anything anywhere, and when they ran away they sometimes—accidentally, of course—discovered some of the desert country's richest mines.

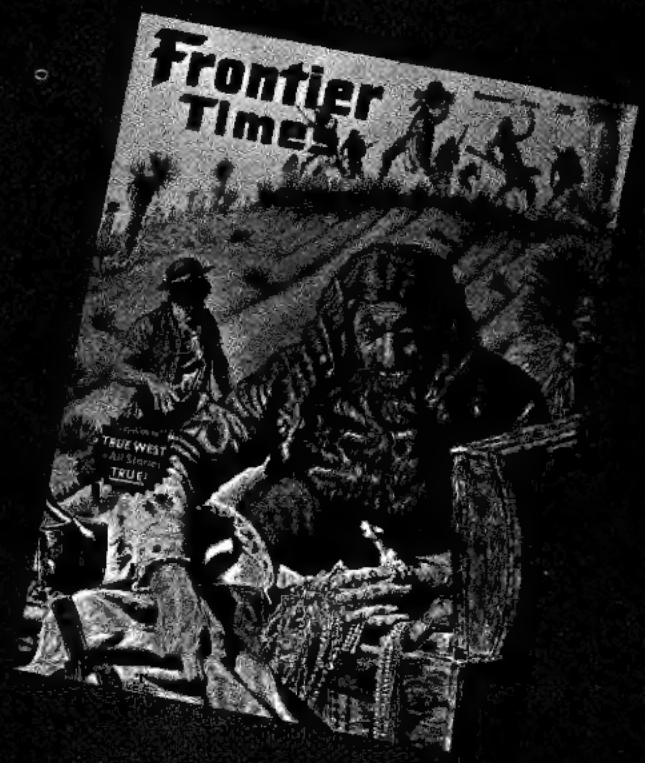
THE TOWN ON SHEEPHERDERS' HILL—It was a boom town, with silver pouring countless thousands of dollars out of the lode accidentally discovered by an unknown and unnamed sheepherder. Only that one vein was found and when it played out, Fairview, Nevada, became a pasture for sheep again.

MYSTERY OF THE LOST OZARKS SILVER—The discovery of a diary points to the fact that a fortune in silver bars is hidden somewhere in the Missouri Ozarks. Today the silver may be under the waters of an artificial lake—or again, may not!

SIX-GUN SCRIBE—Through old photographs, the life of George Smalley, pioneer Arizona newspaperman, is vividly—and sometimes humorously—portrayed. Smalley had determination and guts, and not only reported the news but was influential in making it happen.

HERO, SHOWMAN OR HEEL?—A careful conscientious penetration into the fiction and fact of Buffalo Bill Cody's life is conducted by E. S. Sutton, who met the hero of the Wild West Show and has investigated beyond the legend into the truth.

ALSO, Out Where the West Begins, Wild Old Days! and a whole passel of rare old West photos, illustrations and departments!



Lost Something?

You sure have, podner, if you haven't read the current (Summer) FRONTIER TIMES. That's our other baby that's growing so fast we can't keep him in clothes that fit! TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are twins, and those that know 'em say they can't tell the difference.

Take a look to the left and see what all we've crammed into this issue of FRONTIER TIMES! We think you'll agree it's the biggest quarter's worth you'll find in the field today.

Go on by the same newsstand where you bought this copy of TRUE WEST and pick up your copy of the current FRONTIER TIMES. And if you want to make EXTRA sure you get your next FRONTIER TIMES, just fill out the coupon below and fire it our way. We'll do the rest.

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Truly Western

Bury 'Em in Hell's Quicksand!

Dear Editor,

I am nearing seventeen years of age, and ever since I got my first TRUE WEST magazine, down where you-all live, I've been going hog-wild over 'em. You print the most exciting magazines I've ever read yet. Your magazine is the mostest, man (including FRONTIER TIMES). Keep up the best work in almost the whole world. That's what I think of TRUE WEST. If I'm the only one who cheers you on, I'll keep at it until I drop dead from exhaustion. Now, them guys who rant'n'rage over your work should not get their copies. Who likes people criticizing almost the best magazine in the world? People with that type mouth should be buried in Hell's quicksand. Heaven only knows how much stress you go to to get a copy off your press. Almost every note I read in your magazine has some kind of whine and groan to it. Well, speaking for myself, I'm absolutely satisfied!—Michael T. Coveney, Pulteney, New York.

Editor's Note: Man! This letter really turned us on! Just to find out that somebody loved us brightened our whole week. (Some of you may have read the news release that reported unidentified flying objects seen in the vicinity of Austin, Texas—we'll clear up the mystery. Those "unidentified" objects were TRUE WEST editors. Who says the Russians launched the first man into space?)

Snake Story

Dear Sir,

Regarding the snake story in May-June, 1961 issue ("Eighteen Feet, Six Inches") I can only say the longest rattlesnake on record (eight feet, one inch) must have been a local record.

In 1913, early summer, while working on a ranch about twenty miles east of Denver, I killed and skinned a rattler that measured twelve feet, nine inches long. The skin measured seventeen inches at the widest point.

I took the skin to Denver and traded it to a curio store for a pair of good gloves. At that time they had the skins of two larger rattlers mounted. The largest, if I recall right, was approximately fifteen feet long.

I killed over 200 rattlesnakes on that ranch that summer, many of them six to nine feet long. That country was lousy with them. Irrigation had driven them east, along the higher hills and rolling country beyond.—Stanley I. Kerr, 325 San Emidio Street, Taft, California.

Editor's Note: We've received letters listing all kinds of records for the longest rattlesnake (but like fishermen, our snake-hunters seem to have let the longest ones get away). Reader Kerr's claim for the longest one caught is high so far. Can anybody top it?

"Well Bust My Hide!"

Hi Joe,

As you would say, "Well bust my hide,"—you'll never guess where I ran into a copy of TRUE WEST. Such a youngster should be spanked for straying so far away from home.

You see, I was making a run with the owner of an old water-logged king crab boat in order to film the unique way by which the king crab is caught. A williwaw blew up and we were anchored in a sheltered cove waiting for the storm to break so we could make a run for home. The owner, an Aleut fisherman, was brewing a pot of coffee and I was reclining on one of the two bunks. There was a magazine under my head and I unconsciously pulled it out and started browsing through it. The authenticity of the story I began reading started a faint bell of recollection ringing in the recesses of my mind. I quickly turned to the title page, and sure enough, here in my hands was the child I had seen born some short while back. He had found his way some 5,000 miles from home, into one of the most remote regions of the earth.—Harold N. Lane, 2503 Porter, Anchorage, Alaska.

No Barrel Race Drivel!

Editor's Note: Betty J. White's letter in the May-June issue of TRUE WEST really created an avalanche of response (she suggested including current rodeo news in our TRUE WEST coverage). Only one reader so far has seconded her suggestion—the rest have shouted vehement "No's!", and even threatened to cancel their subscriptions if we dared change our format to include this category. The letter below is typical.

Dear Editor:

I can't hold still any longer. You chose to let the "blue noses" run you in the red, against my better advice, I might add. You should never have consulted them in the first place. Being a subscriber to both your publications, I was on the verge of sending in a renewal on the two of them despite your stupidity. About that time I see where you are actually considering the inclusion of girls' barrel racing news and related drivel and professing to pass that off as "authentic old West material."

Now I've got to hold up and see what develops. If you are that desperate for material, it looks like you have about "shot your wad" and any further money would be a poor investment.—Robert H. Carter, 1215 Monroe, Abilene, Texas.

Anyway, we get the message. No current rodeo coverage. And you readers who are holding up subscriptions, take a quick look at the inside back cover and be sure you get your money in before the raise in price takes place.

(Continued on page 62)

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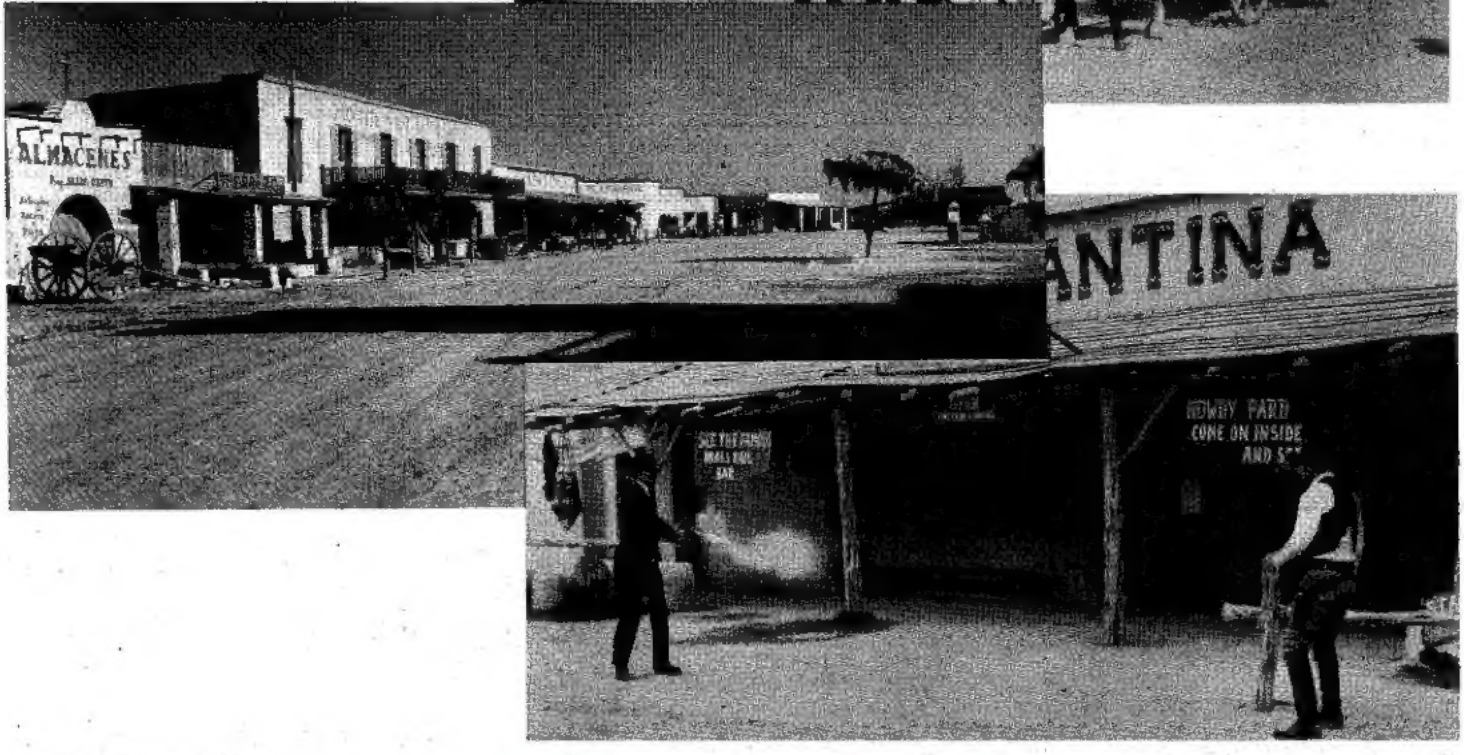
Above, Bud Breen's "Old Scout," the symbol of Alamo Village. Right, stagecoach on Main Street, preparing to leave with its passengers. The drivers are Rudy Robbins and Shotgun Lee. Below, street scene at Alamo Village. Villagers disappear as badman (actor) rides in, looking for the marshal. Lower right, Doc Holliday, Village Marshal, gets his man. Fastest on the draw, Doc is challenged daily.



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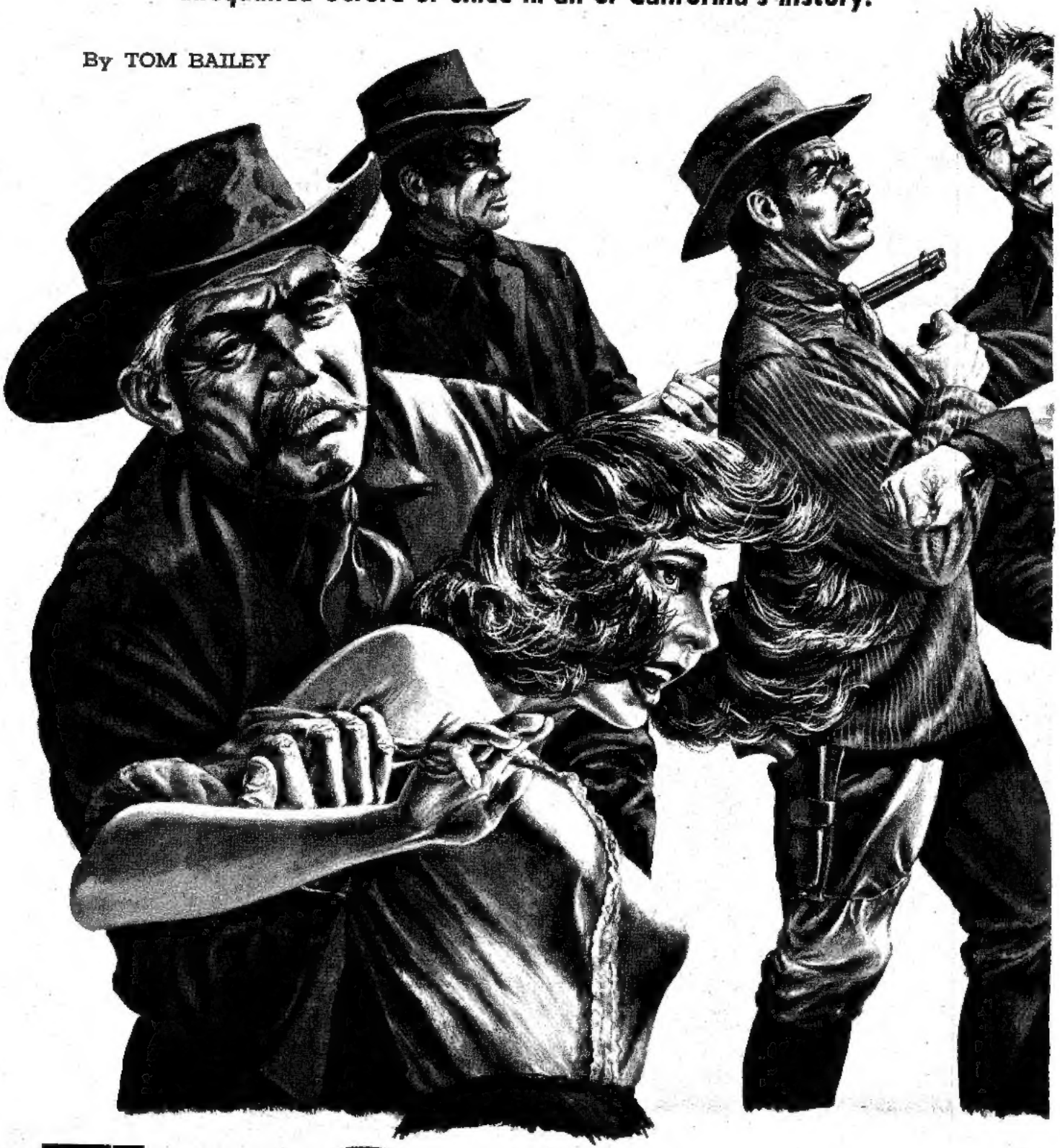
First his wife, then his brother, were killed by gold-hungry miners. Joaquin Murietta's life of crime began as a vendetta and became a bloodthirsty epic unequalled before or since in all of California's history.

By TOM BAILEY



The Scourge of

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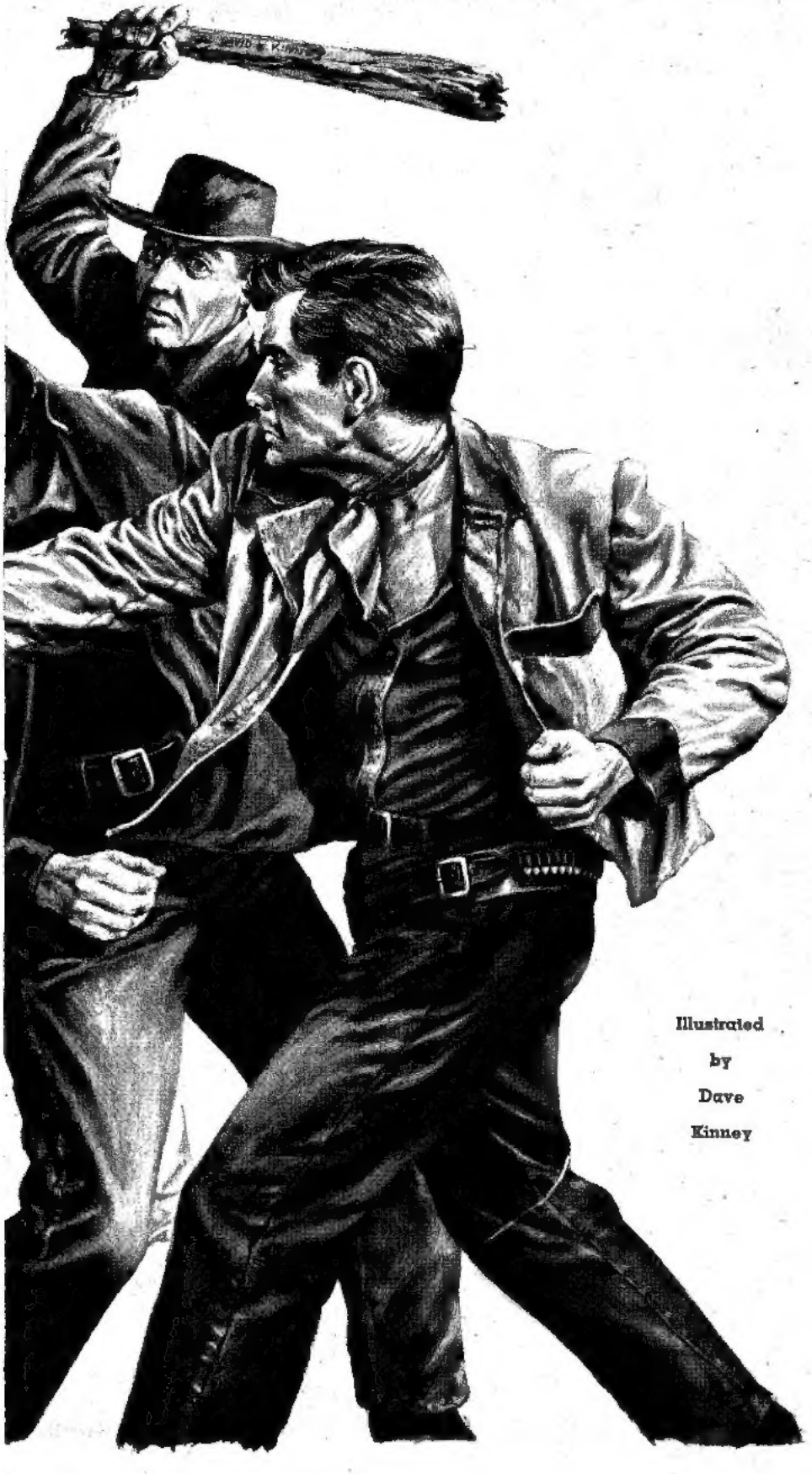

Illustrated by Dave Kinney

El Dorado

Editor's Note: We've been asked to take a stand about a man as controversial as Billy the Kid. Was he fact or legend, one man or five? Why was a character so well known, so hard to document? We at TRUE WEST believe it was because witnesses in the grip of hysteria are not reliable witnesses, and most people in early California were either very much for Murietta, or very much against him. Be that as it may, we offer the following as covering the salient facts of this colorful outlaw's short and desperate life.

JOAQUIN MURIETTA was a killer. Yet, his adventures excited the imaginations of thousands of people, and an aura of good and bad, fact and fiction, became associated with his name and his exploits. He was called "The Robin Hood of California" by some and "The Scourge of El Dorado" by others. The truth, perhaps, lies somewhere between, for certainly in those hectic gold rush days he had some justification for embarking upon a career of crime and mayhem. How justified his later activities were, we will let the reader decide.

Joaquin Murietta was born at the Real de Bayareca, between Arispe and Hermosillo, in the State of Sonora, Mexico, about 1832. There is some conflict of opinion as to the exact spelling of his name. The U. S. Congressional Library catalogues it "Murieta," but most early-day historians use "Murietta." Ireno Paz, his Mexican biographer, spells it Murrieta, but a town in southern California is listed by the U. S. Postal Directory as "Murietta," which is the spelling we will use in this account.

Had not the father of the girl he loved objected to their marrying, Murietta might never have left Mexico. Eighteen years old, a handsome strapping youth with dark eyes and black hair, he fell in love with Rosita Carmen Feliz, two years his junior, and began wooing her. He was not the only suitor, and one of his competitors was a Don José, whose hacienda extended over many leagues and whose bank account was the largest in that part of Mexico. When Don José spoke to Rosita's father and offered a fortune for her hand, dissension broke out in the Feliz home. Rosita wanted no part of Don Jose; she wanted to marry Joaquin. Her father, however, impressed by Don José's wealth, sponsored the older man's courtship and a date for the wedding was set.

But Joaquin and Rosita had minds of their own. The night before her scheduled marriage to Don José, Rosita and Joaquin were secretly wed. They eloped and headed north on two of the disappointed fiancé's finest horses.

They spent their honeymoon crossing the deserts of Arizona and California, finally reaching San Jose, where Joaquin dealt monte, a game he had learned in Mexico. He later owned a store, but went broke. They then moved to Martinez, and finally to Saw Mill Flat, where they lived in an adobe cabin at the edge of that bustling mining town.

It was 1850, and California was a rough, rowdy, lawless state. Thousands of men, lured to California by their lust for gold and removed from all influences of homelife and family, caroused nightly through the streets of the boom towns and mining camps. Saw Mill Flat was no exception.

One day two men stopped Rosita in the street and, judging her as they judged all Mexican women—by the easy standards of the dancehall girls—insisted she

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California State Library

Murietta and his band terrorized the Chinese miners in California, like those above.

make a date with them. Indignantly she refused, and with some effort, got away from them and quickly returned home.

The men apparently started drinking and before the end of the day, five of them decided to teach Rosita Carmen Feliz de Murietta a lesson. They stormed toward Joaquin's little shack.

Joaquin met them at the door. "Who are you and what do you want?" he inquired of the delegation.

"We're American citizens, that's who we are, and you're not. This is a white man's camp. You two have got to get out."

"There's no law barring Mexicans from this country," Joaquin answered. "We have a perfect right to be here."

"They want your mining claim," whispered Rosita.

"No one will run me off that claim," Joaquin said coldly.

"We'll run you off or shoot you off, either one."

"You'd take my claim if you had to murder me for it, is that what you're saying?"

"Your claim—and more, too." The speaker looked at Rosita and the others laughed.

Joaquin tried to control his anger, tried to keep clear-headed, as the five men slowly moved toward them. At a signal from their leader, they lunged forward. Although he tried to fight them off, Joaquin was outmanned, and went down under the pummeling of many fists. When he tried to get up, he was knocked down again, and two of the attackers drove their heavy boots into his face until finally he lost consciousness.

Some time later Frank Wilson, an acquaintance, found him slumped in a corner of the house and shook him until he showed signs of life. His first thought was for Rosita.

They found her in the adjoining room. Her clothes were ripped literally to shreds and she was moaning. Although she recognized Joaquin when he lifted her, she was too weak to speak to him. She died in his arms a short time later.

"I will kill them!" he vowed. "If I have to follow them to the gates of hell, I will kill them all!"

AFTER he buried Rosita, Joaquin Murietta left Saw Mill Flat, his destination unannounced. No one in the town saw him again. Rumors spread that he had gone back to Mexico.

In July of 1850 two prospectors looking for gold in the Stanislaus River hills a few miles from Columbia came upon five skeletons scattered about the charred remains of a campfire. The skeletons were identified as remains of the five men who had raped and slain Rosita Murietta. Joaquin had kept his pledge. But unfortunately taking the lives of his wife's slayers did not quench his thirst for blood. More was yet to come. Much more.

Some say the dead men were never identified, but there was a bullet hole in each skull. One bullet, only slightly damaged by the impact, had a ring around it identical with a ring which appeared around bullets cast by a mould Joaquin Murietta had purchased from a Sacramento gunsmith. None of the other slugs were found, but the characteristics of that one bullet told the story.

Long before the skeletons were discovered, Murietta had made his appearance at Murphy's Diggings, a boom mining camp. He was joined by his brother, Jesus, who had followed him up out of Mexico. Another to migrate from Mexico was Joaquin Romero, a Yaqui Indian. Romero had harbored Murietta after he left Saw Mill Flat and they were very close friends.

One night Joaquin borrowed a mule from his brother and started for Romero's cabin at Los Muertos, six miles

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from Angel's Camp. On the way he met Bill Lang, a miner who lived at Murphy's Diggings.

"That's my mule you're riding," Lang said accusingly.

Murietta thought at first that Lang was joking, but it became all too obvious moments later that he was not.

"I borrowed this mule from my brother," Murietta said, "and I know my brother didn't steal your mule. He bought it from a man."

"What man?"

"I don't know. You'll have to ask him."

"Ask him? What do you take me for, a fool?"

"All right, meet me in town in the morning and I'll have my brother there. He'll prove that he bought the mule, and you'll have to prove it's your property."

The next day Joaquin and his brother waited for Lang to appear at the appointed time and place. Suddenly out of a saloon across the way came thirty or forty men, led by Lang.

"There are the two greasers who stole my mule!"

The crowd swarmed about the Muriettas and dragged them to a nearby tree. Someone brought a rope. But there were men present who did not want a lynching. They proposed that instead of hanging the Mexicans, they be whipped. The crowd noisily approved.

Forty times Lang laid a lash across Joaquin Murietta's back, keeping up the punishment until every cut of the whip made the blood fly.

Murietta did not whimper; his grim, set face gave no indication of the pain he suffered. Only his eyes gave a hint of what was passing in his mind.

It did not go so well with the brother, Jesus. He was dead when some men not involved in the whipping cut him down. It was found that Jesus had been stabbed several times in the back and that his ears had been cut off.

Joaquin buried his brother and vanished from the camp. Again it was believed he had returned to Mexico.

And then a series of killings awakened the residents to what was going on. One after another, five of the men who had participated in the flogging were shot down as they went individually about their affairs. One was found dead on a trail a few miles from camp; two others were killed while cleaning out their sluice box; another was found dying behind a stable and the fifth had been shot from his horse. Each had in some manner assisted Lang in the floggings. Twenty others, including Lang, began to worry about their own hides. Who would be next?

One by one every mother's son of them left Murphy's Diggings and scattered to the four winds. Not one cared to face the vengeful Murietta.

Most of those who fled Murphy's Diggings headed for Marysville far to the north. Within a few days of their departure, one was killed near Stockton and another at Knight's Ferry.

So that there would be no conjecture as to who had slain them, Murietta left his brand, a lone "M" carved on the forehead of each victim.

A few days later a man riding along a trail was shot and killed, and again the "M" left no doubt in anyone's mind about the identity of the slayer. This man, it should be pointed out, was one of the whipping party. How Murietta managed to remember all of their faces puzzled everyone; he was able to identify them wherever found. Six more of the original twenty ended up dead, with the brand "M" on their foreheads. Eleven down and nine to go!

California State Library

Joaquin Murietta and Three-Fingered Jack

Missouri Bill, a member of Lang's whipping party, was arrested for shooting a man and lodged in jail at Murphy's Diggings. Bill broke jail and got away. He lit out for Nevada, according to a friend who bade him goodbye. He must have been trailed by Murietta, because five days after he escaped jail, his body was found between Middle Bar and Jackson. A lariat had been tossed over his head and he had been dragged to death. Again, the telltale "M".

Now there were only eight left, and Murietta was robbed of one victim.

Jack McGinnins, known as "Three Fingered Jack," a member of the whipping party, had killed a man at Aurora, Nevada, and was hanged.

NOW that the die had been cast, Murietta knew it was sink or swim. He could no longer throw himself upon the mercy of the law; he had gone much too far for that. A prison sentence would be out of the question. Any judge would hang him on general principles.

Among those he recruited into his band was another "Three Fingered Jack," who was to attain a great deal of notoriety. His name was Manuel Garcia.

"Remember this," one of the gang later reported Murietta as having said to Garcia, "Bill Lang is my meat. When we meet up with him, I want him no matter when, or where, we meet."

Not long after he pulled the framework of his band together, Murietta and Garcia were sitting on the bank of a creek one evening when four miners with packs on their backs came along on the opposite side.

Suddenly Murietta recognized them as members of the mob who had stabbed his brother in the back. He grabbed a rifle and killed one, then snatched up another muzzle-loader and killed the second. Borrowing Garcia's pistol and drawing his own, he marched across the creek and shot the others. The last man to go down did not die immediately.

"You scum!" Murietta hissed. "You remember me? You stabbed my brother in the back."

"Yes," the man gasped, "yes, certainly I remember you. But have mercy upon my soul, Mr. Murietta! It was not I alone who stabbed your brother."

Three Fingered Jack Garcia had joined Murietta.

"I'll finish him off, Joaquin." He took his skinning knife and slit the dying man's throat from ear to ear, according to a statement made much later by one of the witnesses.

Bill Lang missed meeting Murietta al-

though the fate he met was no different. A man can die as surely one way as another. Lang was killed at Mokelumne Hill by Sam Green, who had been drinking and denounced Lang as a coward, which was undoubtedly true. A jury found Green guilty of murder in the first degree and he was hanged at Mokelumne Hill July 31, 1852, according to the death warrant that is still preserved among the records of Calaveras County at San Andreas.

One of Murietta's gang later stated that Joaquin sat down and wept when told of the hanging because he had not had the chance to finish him off personally.

"I'd have cut his heart out," the twenty-two-year-old bandit sobbed.

Of the twenty-five men who had wronged him, Murietta had killed twenty-three; the other two had died at the hands of someone else.

Murietta at the beginning of 1850 had been just another Mexican miner, but by the end of 1852 his ruthless exploits were told around saloons and campfires from one end of the West to the other.

According to some who knew him, he realized his task was done and it was time to quit, but it was too late for that. Already he was being hunted over a wide territory and he had about as much chance to escape a hanging as a wounded antelope has of escaping a coyote pack. He knew his time would come and the only thing to do meanwhile was to make the most of it and put off the final curtain as long as possible.

To avert possible surprise, he moulded his robber gang into a semi-military machine. He developed a headquarters, a general staff, a field force and even an army of spies. The members were sworn under oath never to desert him and to obey his commands to the letter. His army had to travel on its stomach and it had to be equipped with arms, ammunition, supplies and food. To get these things took money and well-planned raids on sources of supply.

The Americans hated Murietta, but the Mexicans of the old country and California adored him as the champion of their race. Just as the Mexicans would later honor and champion the cause of Pancho Villa, the Spanish-speaking peoples did everything they could to help him.

The influx of gold seekers to California was a boon to Murietta, for these people came with money and supplies, which he needed. Many a wagontrain was cleaned out by a gang headed by a swashbuckling young Mexican who flirted with the emigrant women and had a cocky air about him that made his identity unmistakable.

CALIFORNIA had voted a tax of $20.00 a month on all foreign miners; this hit the Mexicans hard. Most of the Mexican prospectors could not afford to pay it. Murietta felt that the tax was a deliberate imposition on his countrymen and to strike back he began raiding the mines.

There was a streak of adventure in Murietta. To obtain information he needed to make a successful raid, on numerous occasions he dressed as a priest, or as a peon, and went into places where he would have been shot down on the spot had anyone recognized him. He was an excellent horseman and a crack shot with either rifle or pistol. Best of all, he liked to dress as a vaquero and wear bright colors. But he never so dressed when on a spying mission for he would have been recognized instantly.

On one such scout in the Santa Clara Valley, the bandit was recognized by a sheriff's posse and barely escaped with his life, leaving behind his horse and hat. He took refuge in the Carmel Mission near Monterey where he was befriended by a young priest who hid him until the excitement of the hunt had cooled down.

Those best known among Murietta's gang were Three Fingered Jack Garcia, Pedro Gonzales, Joaquin Valenzuela, Reyes Feliz, Luis Vulvia, Manuel Sevalio, Luis Guerra, Juan Senata, Pancho Daniel, Juan Cardoza, Fernando Fuentes, Florencio Cruz, Rafael Quintano, Juan Sanchez, José Maria Ochova, Juan Borilda, Pedro Garcia and Pedro Valera. With many unnamed, Murietta had about thirty-five followers.

Three Fingered Jack was one of the most brutal killers who ever lived. Long before he joined Murietta, he had built a reputation that surpassed that of the notorious robber, Domingo Hernandez (who had a passion for collecting human ears). But Murietta held Garcia down, so that he did not behave as wildly as he had when he had captured two Americans during the Bear Flag episode. This had happened in 1846. Two soldiers named Cowie and Fowler were turned over to Three Fingered Jack for "treatment" to prevent their return on a similar mission, which was spying. With Three Fingered Jack at the time was Juan Padilla. The two prisoners were bound naked to trees and slowly tortured with fire. Sharp knives cut pieces of flesh from their bodies; these were fed to them. They were stoned and then shot, and finally Three Fingered Jack cut their throats.

It was Three Fingered Jack's influence over Murietta which caused raid after raid to be made on the Chinese miners who took over after the Americans had worked out their claims and abandoned them. The Chinese were successful in taking out gold left by the somewhat impatient American miners and nearly every cabin had a few hundred dollars in nuggets stored away. Murietta and his gang swooped down on the Chinese along the American River to murder and rob right and left. Three Fingered Jack, armed with a long knife, killed nearly a dozen Chinese in a single raid.

Surprising a Chinese mining camp on Moccasin Creek, on the Big Oak Flat trail, Murietta's band swung twelve Chinese from the rafters of a cook house by their queues. All were later cut down by a sheriff's posse and survived.

At Bostwick's Bar on the Stanislaus River, during a raid on a Chinese mining enterprise that netted the bandits $5,000, Three Fingered Jack slit the throats of seven Chinese after cutting out their tongues and gouging out their eyes with the point of his huge knife. Murietta was not present when it happened.

In nine raids made on Chinese miners during the latter part of 1852, the Murietta gang killed eighteen Chinese and stole more than $30,000 in raw gold.

MURIETTA'S first girl friend after Rosita was Clarita Valero, whom he had known in Mexico before his marriage. He went back to Mexico and returned with her to California, but the romance did not last. After only a few months he sent her home to Mexico, promising that he would see her there after another raid or two. He never did.

Other women who succumbed to his charms were Dolores Garcia of Santa Cruz and Maria Benites of Los Angeles. For a time Murietta deserted his headquarters to live with Maria at Hornitos, California. But while there Maria met Tom Baker, an attractive rounder, and ran away with him.

In a jealous rage, Joaquin trailed them to the booming gold camp of Mariposa where he found Maria alone in their cabin. He knocked her down, then emptied his six-shooter, a revolving pistol using cap and ball, into her apparently lifeless body and set fire to the place. Maria was not dead, however, and survived both the fire and the bullets. She spent many more happy years with Baker and outlived Murietta by about twenty-five summers.

By the time Antonia Molinera of San Jose moved into Joaquin's life, he had forgotten how jealous he had been of Maria, for Antonia was a real beauty. She went back to his headquarters with him and enjoyed living in the mountains where she became his constant companion.

But along came Pancho Daniel to join the gang and Antonia became infatuated. He was a much better looking man than Murietta and he had everything Antonia wanted except money.

One day she announced that she was going to visit her mother in San José and kissed Joaquin goodbye. There was something in her kiss (or the lack of something, Murietta later told Antonia's mother), that made him suspicious. With Antonia gone but a few hours, Joaquin saddled up and rode after her, apparently arriving in San José ahead of her, for her mother had not seen her.

Thinking that the girl might have been injured on the trail, Murietta rode back to headquarters only to learn that Pancho Daniel also was missing. He put two and two together and knew what had happened.

To find that an underling like Pancho Daniel had what it took to win his lady-love made Murietta violently angry. "Both shall die," he said, and because so many posses were out looking for him, Joaquin sent Pedro Vergara to Los Angeles to search for the pair. "Kill both of them when you find them or I will kill you," was the outlaw's edict. "I believe you'll find her in Los Angeles. Inquire of her relatives there. She will not be far from them."

Vergara must have been carrying a rabbit's foot in his pocket, for the very day he arrived in Los Angeles he met Antonia on the street near the courthouse.

"Oh, Pedro, I'm so glad to see you!" the girl exclaimed. "You must come home with me and we will have a drink for old time's sake."

Pedro Vergara accepted, thinking it would be better for him if she took him to her home where he could kill her in the seclusion of her quarters.

"What about Daniel? Will he be there also?"

"Oh, no, dear boy, we parted some time ago. I grew tired of him and kicked him out."

In the house, the girl brought wine and one thing led to another, so that at the end of the day Pedro, though oath-bound to kill Antonia, knew that murder was out of the question. It all ended up by Pedro's taking Antonia to live with him

(Continued on page 43)

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THE LAST OF THE ROCK-DRILL CHAMPIONS

"Shaking hands with Walt Bradshaw was like sticking your mitt into a bear trap!" Butte, Montana, will never forget the man whose strength awed all who watched and admired him.

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

EVERYBODY within earshot of a juke-box has heard of John Henry, the mighty "Steel-drivin' Man" of legend and folklore, but comparatively few these days know of Walt Bradshaw. Yet Walt, who died recently in Butte, Montana, without "a hammer in his hand" as the song has it, equaled in real life the fabulous feats that John Henry accomplished in folklore.

Last of the hardrock drilling champions, Walt Bradshaw was just as famous in his own field as any gun-toting marshal of the Old West. And, unlike many of the noted lawmen of the past, Walt's last years were not haunted by the ghosts of men he had killed, but cheered by the smiling faces of men whose lives he had saved by sheer guts and physical endurance. Right up until his death in 1957 at the age of 84, Walt was a familiar and well-loved figure on the streets of Butte. He walked with an easy stride, his broad shoulders thrown back, a smile on his lips for everyone he met and his spirit at peace with man and God. His powerful hands never lost their strength. As one effete Easterner moaned, "Shaking hands with Walt Bradshaw was like sticking your mitt into a bear trap!"

Before World War I, Walt was the top dog of a husky breed of men who wielded the steel drill and the twelve-pound sledge in the mines of the West. As tales of his prowess spread, he became the idol of hardrock miners from Washington to Arizona. Rock-drilling contests were held in which Walt defeated the best hardrock men in the West. At the peak of his form, he could swing a twelve-pound sledge at the machine-gun rate of eighty blows a minute —making a grand racket described by an awed newspaperman as sounding like "an elephant jumping on a bass drum!"

With his partner, rugged Joe Freethy, holding the drill, Walt set a still-standing world's record at Spokane, Washington, on October 25, 1901, driving a drill fifty-five inches into a block of Dunnison granite in fifteen minutes.

THOUSANDS of dollars in bets changed hands at Walt Bradshaw's earlier drilling contests, until the professional gamblers finally got the idea into their heads that this smiling giant of a man was virtually unbeatable. Then they tried to bribe him to "lay down." Walt was tight-lipped about the attempts of these "rats," as he called them, to win him over. Only one episode would he discuss; the time a gun-toting gambler approached him at Tonopah, Nevada, and offered him $500 to "throw" the contest. The sure-thing artist's choice of words was unfortunate.

"I grabbed the tinhorn by the lapels of his fancy coat and shook him till his store choppers fell out," grinned Walt in fond recollection. "I said to him: 'So, me bucko, 'tis throwin' ye want, is it?' He made as if to reach for a pistol, and I picked him up by the collar and the seat of his checkered pants and threw him twenty feet. His pals picked him up and carried him away, and I never saw any of the rats again."

Walt neglected to add that he also went on to win first prize in the contest.

Bradshaw traveled all over the Western mining areas to defend his championship in rock-drilling contests, and even appeared in Madison Square Garden in New York City to amaze the big-city folks with his tremendous strength and flawless coordination. Reporters of the period waxed lyrical, calling him "a veritable Titan of a man, a genial giant with the Biblical strength of ten." Efforts to match him with the great wrestling champion, Frank Gotch, came to naught when Walt branded the idea "hogwash." He was too smart to buck another champion at his own game.

Walt's exhibition days passed with the advent of mechanical drilling equipment. Wisely, he hung up his famed sledge and took a job as stationary engineer at Montana copper mines. Visitors asked the old champion, "Walt, don't you miss the excitement of the old days? Wouldn't you like to be hitting a drill again eighty to the minute and be hearing the cheers of the crowd?"

"We-ell," chuckled Walt, sucking on his old clay pipe, "mebbe I would, at that. But I'm still workin' in the mines, and that's the main thing, lads. Ye never know when somethin' will bust loose in a mine and a good man will be needed."

EXPLOSION and fire, the dread terror of all miners, did "bust loose" in a mine where Walt was working. On February 14, 1916, at the Pennsylvania Mine disaster near Butte, Bradshaw kept his mine-hoist machinery operating for twenty-four hours straight, saving many lives on a black day that saw twenty-one men die deep in the smoke-filled labyrinth of the Pennsylvania. Spurning all assistance and all food but cups of black coffee, Walt stayed with his machinery until all the men still living were safely out of the mine. He repeated his heroic work some time later at another fire at the Anaconda Mine near Butte.

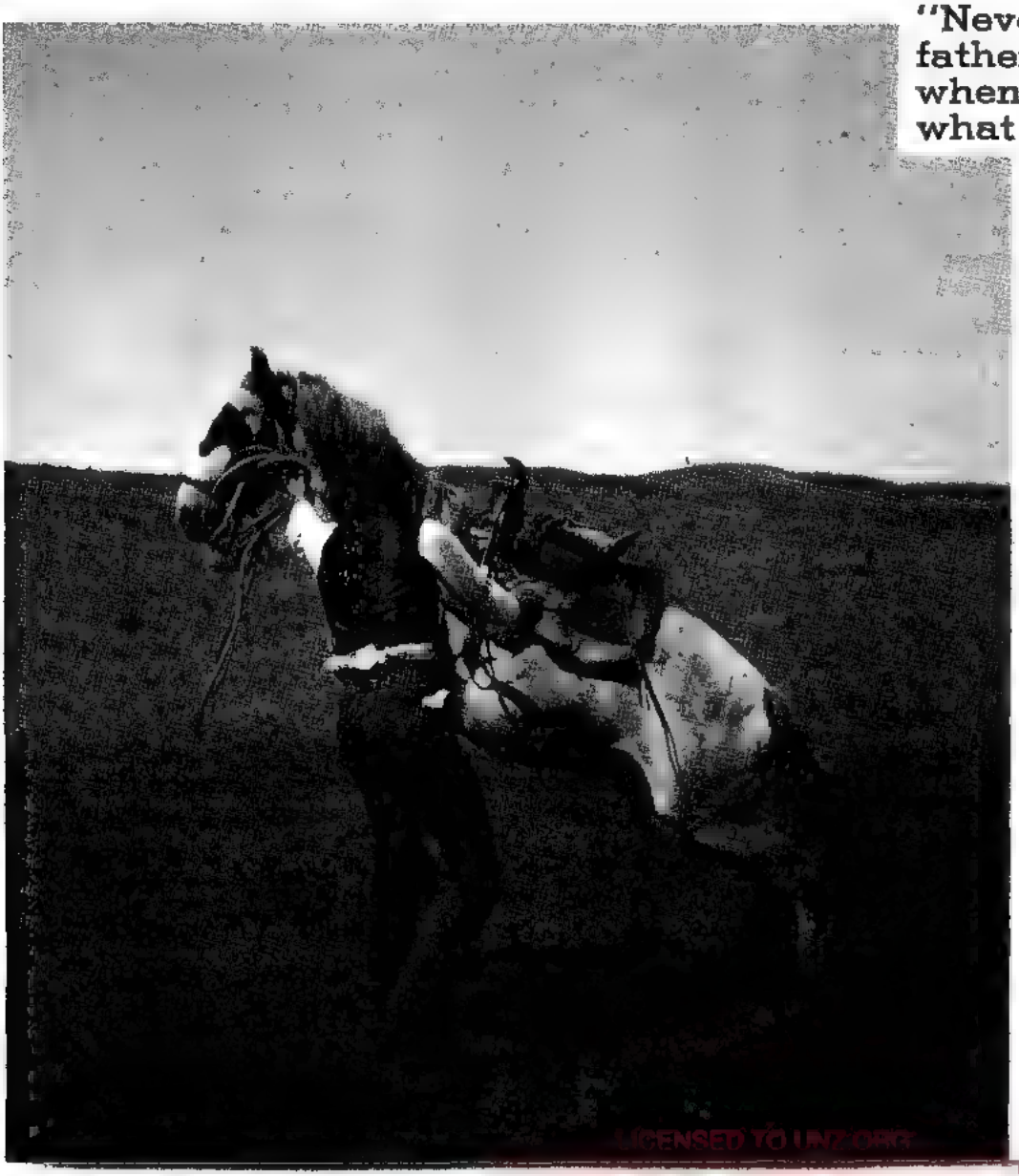
The old giant is gone now, but Butte will never forget him. Wherever miners

(Continued on page 38)

By J. FRANK DOBIE

Photos from the Huffman Collection

Above, Them ain't the Dobies, but real-life cowpunchers none the less. The boy is probably "married" to that horse he's riding. Below, saddling a wild cayuse was just part of another day's work.



"Never marry a horse," father said. But when a boy loves animals, what else can he do?

A LONG time ago, the semi-weekly *Houston Post* had what was called The Children's Page. One of its features was a running debate in which anybody who wrote a letter seemed to get it printed. A debate that interested me was on whether horses or cows are of more benefit to mankind. I wanted to write a letter on the side of horses. I don't remember having written it, but I carried on a debate with my father. He said cows had benefited people more by giving them milk, meat, hides for shoes and harness and a great many other useful things. He'd seen horse raising on ranches change from the profit side to the losing side.

I never did think that we had enough horses. Papa thought we had plenty for doing what ranch work was necessary. Our good neighbors, the Hinnants, had more horses than we had. When we worked cattle at least two of the Hinnant boys usually came over to help, riding their own horses at $1.50 a day, whereas the pay for an American without a horse was six bits a day and for a Mexican without a horse four bits a day. There weren't any better hands than some of the four-bits-a-day vaqueros.

One year, about 1904, the ranch just had to have a few more saddle horses. Papa had stretched his credit buying steer yearlings at $10 a round and had quite a bit of country leased. A wet summer made screw worms bad and we were riding, doctoring and skinning until after dark every day. One of the biggest horse traders in the country was Chat Vela at Alice, forty miles to the south.

It was a year or two later that Papa

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Putting the links on a bunch quitter.

Memories of the Horse Age

wrote Chat Vela to send six or eight good cow horses. He sent straight Spanish horses. The best was one we called Hippy. He was a black. His left hip had been knocked down, but there never was a better stayer than Hippy was. He was about fifteen hands high and absolutely tireless. His only drawback was that once in a while he didn't want to start off. He'd sull (provincial for sulk). I don't think he ever sulled after Papa with help tied him down and gave him a terrible beating with a cow whip. My flesh crawls now at memory of that beating. My father was not a cruel man—quite the contrary. I have wondered many times what made Hippy sull just after being saddled. The girth must have pinched him in the wrong way or something like that—something going back to his breaking. He was too energetic to throw off. Every movement of his had the springiness of vitality; he could not be draggy. He was always watching. I had no such conection then, but I connect him now with a saying of Emerson's, "It is as easy for the strong man to be strong as it is for the weak man to be weak." Hippy was a good cutting horse. I never could understand why Papa let anybody else ride him but himself. He wouldn't let me ride him. On a long trip we made after cattle a hired hand started a setfast on his back. A setfast is a sore that is very hard to heal. It did heal in time but never so that hard riding in hot weather would not take the thin skin off.

Not nearly so many ranch horses nowadays have setfasts as in the Horse Age. For one thing, modern horses are generally not used so hard. We had two wind-broken horses. They had been overridden in hot weather. A wind-broken horse would take "the thumps." His heart was racing terribly. You could hear him struggling for breath a long way off. Like a heart case among human beings, a wind-broken horse had to go easy.

PAPA made short shrift with horses that didn't want to go. One time we had an iron-gray stallion named Tordillo. I was just a kid. I put my saddle on him and got on him. Instead of going forward he went backwards. He got his hindquarters mixed up with the tongue and single-trees of an empty wagon that had been left in the shade of a mulberry tree. Papa grabbed a buggy whip and before long Tordillo was going forward in a repentant way.

I don't remember anything about a little deep bay horse that Chat Vela sent up except that my brother Elrich fancied him. He was kind of fancy himself. Elrich named him Cardinal. The horse that I valued out of that bunch was a red roan we called Canelo (Cinnamon). Canelo wasn't a pacer of any kind; he was expert at putting his head down so that, as he hoped, he couldn't be seen or roped out of the remuda.

Range people, particularly in a brush or a rocky country, where much uneven footage is to be contended with, never have had much use for pacing horses. They stumble too easily. We had a lanky sorrel that paced—and stumbled. Like other ranch people, I have always preferred a hard up-and-down jog trotter that was clearfooted to any pacer. Traditionally ranch people may like a kind of fox trotting horse, but have no more use for pacers than for thinskinned, glass-eyed calicoes.

I've been reflecting on how much clearer certain characteristics of horses I knew as a boy and youth are to me than certain characteristics of people in books that I knew at the same time and enjoyed immensely. I don't know what a psychoanalyst would make of this—and wouldn't have much interest in whatever he made of it.

To begin, my father had been a horse man before he was a cowman; he and his brothers and also my mother's brother trailed horses to Kansas but never cattle. Before I was born they saw the change in demand and began raising and trading in cattle to the neglect of horses. My father kept a few mares to raise saddle horses from. They were very wild. The horse of my life was out of one of these mares. His name was Buck, and I've written of him elsewhere.

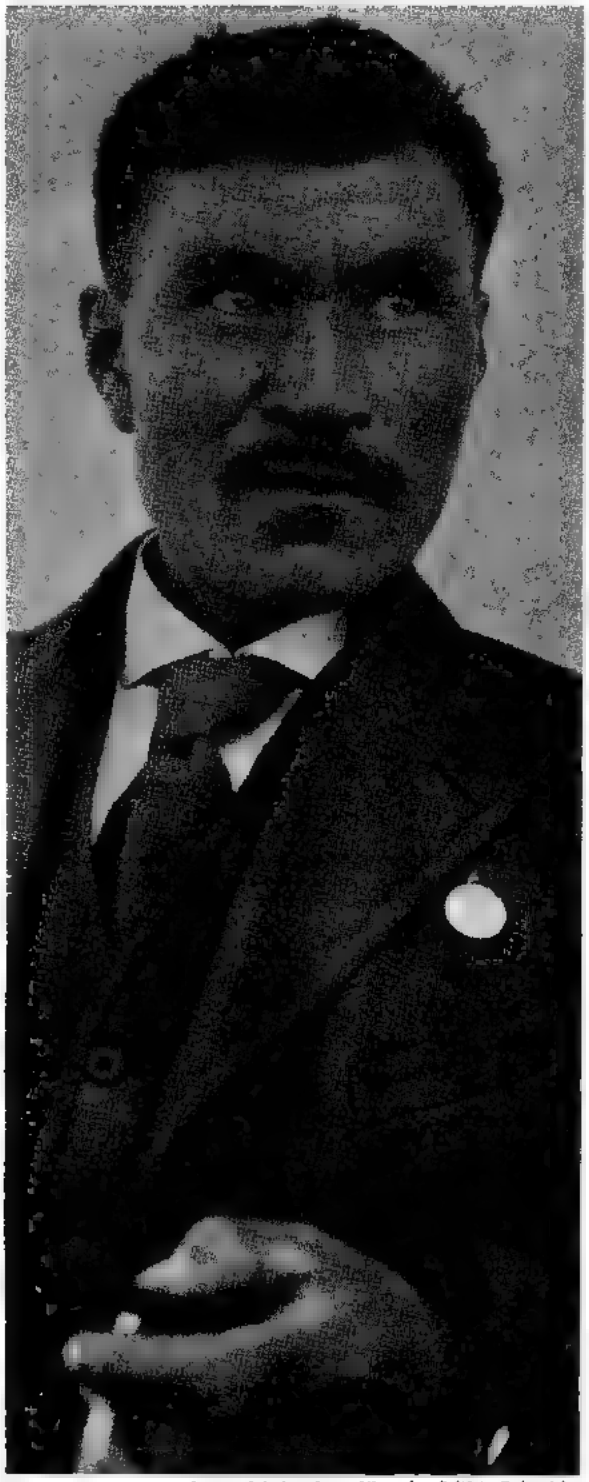
The horse on which I learned to ride was not a pony but an enormous work horse—probably not so enormous as I remember him. He was shockingly tame —never got out of a walk but dislodged me a few times by going under a clothesline. This must have been while I was between two and three years old. He was a light black with a bald face and we called him Bally—corruption of Baldy. When he died I cried.

A better horse for children was a white-faced bay named Stray.

Stray was fine to learn to ride on and for a little boy to work cattle on, but he wasn't fancy enough to ride for the mail or to church once a month or to the annual picnic and barbecue on the Nueces

(Continued on page 47)

Simon Gun-an-noot achieved the impossible. Exiled, constantly pursued by posses out to get him "dead-or-alive," he not only evaded his captors but did it bloodlessly, and at the same time managed to continue to support his wife by trapping. And, throughout his thirteen-year ordeal, he consistently maintained his innocence, believing that—finally—justice would be done.



Provincial Archives, Victoria, British Columbia

Simon Gun-an-noot. Notice the medallion given to him by a priest, which he always wore during the thirteen years he was an exile in the Upper Skeena area.

The Long Search

By THOMAS P. KELLEY

IN OCTOBER, 1958, the death of a tiny, very old lady in a Hazelton, British Columbia, hospital made newspaper headlines. There was a good reason for this publicity; half-a-century before, this woman had been the wife of Simon Gun-an-noot. Her dusky beauty had inadvertently brought about one of Canada's most spectacular manhunts.

Simon Gun-an-noot, of the Kispiox Tribe, was born in 1874 in a small Indian village in the vast Upper Skeena River country, 500 miles to the north of Vancouver, British Columbia. He adopted Christianity as a very young man, and did not set himself against the increasing numbers of white settlers dividing up the land that had once belonged to his people. Instead, he tried to learn their ways and to make his life successful according to their patterns.

Thrifty and hard-working, he demanded cash for the pelts he brought in from his traplines and saved his money. In 1901, twenty-seven-year-old Simon Gun-an-noot married a beautiful Kispiox girl named Sarah. He had enough money to open a small general store near his native village, which Sarah tended while he was out trapping. The following year a baby daughter was born, and Simon began making plans for enlarging his store and building a new home.

Then came the night of June 18, 1906, and the fatal meeting at the drinking emporium called the Two-Mile House which brought about two deaths and a fantastic manhunt that lasted for more than thirteen years.

DRINKING was in full swing at the Two-Mile House that night. Proprietor Jim Cameron was behind the bar, serving drinks to his twenty or so thirsty customers, and—as was usually the case—Alec McIntosh and Max LeClair were in attendance.

McIntosh was a short, powerfully-built man of twenty-five, with Scotch and Cree Indian blood in his veins, whose only interests in life were "squaws and whiskey." A trapper and prospector of sorts, he had been jailed several times for drunkenness and molesting women, once for rolling a drunk, and he was thoroughly disliked by most of those who knew him.

His partner, Max LeClair, was equally unpopular. A slender, medium-height man with shifty eyes, his bungling attempts as a card-sharp had gained him a broken nose and a long knife wound in his neck.

About 10:30 Simon Gun-an-noot, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Hi-ma-dan, walked into the Two-Mile House. Tall, husky, his thin mustache recently trimmed, Gun-an-noot had just returned from a successful trip to his traplines and a roll of bills was in his hip pocket. He made his way to the far end of the bar, followed by Hi-ma-dan.

Serving whiskey to Indians was illegal, but proprietor Cameron was always blind to the fact if a redman had money. He poured a drink for the pair and later twice refilled their glasses. An hour passed.

It was getting close to midnight when McIntosh, by then loud-mouthed and tipsy, surprised the assembly by announcing that he was going to buy a drink for everyone. This was unexpected for the tight-fisted McIntosh had never been known to buy anything for anyone, and one of the topers called out, "Will miracles never cease? Mac is actually opening up his heart."

McIntosh joined in the general laughter that followed, produced a $20.00 gold piece and spun it on the bar. Then as glasses were being refilled and fresh cigars lit, he announced, "You know, boys, when you have money you can get more than food and clothing with it. Yes, you can get much more."

"Such as?" someone asked.

"Such as lively squaws," was the answer. McIntosh shot a sneering glance at Gun-an-noot and Hi-ma-dan, who stood alone at the far end of the bar. Laughter ceased abruptly and a sudden silence descended but McIntosh did not appear perturbed.

His gaze directed fully at Gun-an-noot, he gave a throaty chuckle and called out, "That's right, isn't it, Indian? Money can get a white man any squaw he wants, and he doesn't have to pay out much of it either, does he?"

"I don't know what you are talking about, but I think you had better drop the subject," Gun-an-noot replied in the English his teachers had taught him.

Alec McIntosh gave a scornful laugh. "The hell you don't know what I'm talk-

ing about." McIntosh turned to his drinking companions. "Did you hear that, boys? That lying red b----- with his fancy airs and mustache, would like us to believe that he doesn't understand what I mean, when all the time he knows damn well that I've slept with just about every woman in his village, including his own squaw and . . ."

He got no farther. Gun-an-noot rounded the end of the bar, shot forward and sent his powerful right fist crashing into McIntosh's face. McIntosh plunged backward to the floor as his partner, Max LeClair, leaped forward to avenge him.

But Hi-ma-dan was at Gun-an-noot's side. He grabbed LeClair's knife hand and twisting it sharply, disarmed him. Once more Gun-an-noot's right fist shot forward. Max LeClair fell beside his groggy partner, who was making feeble attempts to rise. Then the others closed in upon the Indians.

To be sure, the entire assembly realized that Gun-an-noot and Hi-ma-dan were justified in their actions; yet they could not forget that the pair were Indians and had just defeated and floored two white men. Ethics demanded that McIntosh and LeClair be avenged.

A savage brawl followed, but the odds were too great and the redmen were finally thrown out of the Two-Mile House. In the doorway, struggling against many, Gun-an-noot spoke the words that were to later weigh so heavily against him. He shouted to McIntosh, who was just rising from the floor, "Some day I'll fix you for this! I'll fix you good!"

With Gun-an-noot and Hi-ma-dan ejected from the bar, it was learned that Alec McIntosh had, along with a lacerated jaw, also suffered a badly injured finger when he had been knocked to the floor. LeClair had likewise been severely pummeled, and the pair decided to spend the night at the Two-Mile House.

Shortly before dawn, agony robbing him of sleep, McIntosh aroused his partner. The two went to the barn behind the saloon, mounted their horses and each went his separate way. McIntosh rode south to have his finger set and dressed by a doctor in Hazelton, while LeClair rode north to gather horses for the pack train journey the two were contemplating.

In the early rays of the rising sun, an Indian boy, Peter Barney, saw the two men depart and ride off to their respective destinations.

TWO HOURS later one John Boyd, driving into Hazelton for supplies, found the body of the murdered Alec McIntosh. About the same time, but several miles to the north, two men discovered the corpse of LeClair. The partners had been killed in practically the same manner and only minutes apart. The horse of each was near its owner's corpse, nibbling dew-drenched grass.

It was evident, in each case, that the killer had concealed himself in the brush beside the road and waited until his victim galloped by before kneeling in the roadway to fire the fatal shot.

Boyd hurried to Hazelton and informed Constable James Kirby of McIntosh's murder. Together they rode to the scene of the crime and brought the body into Hazelton. Later in the morning the body of LeClair reached the village, and that same afternoon an inquest was ordered.

At the inquest a number of witnesses who had been at the Two-Mile House on the previous night told of the fight between the dead men and the two Indians, as well as the, "I'll fix you good," threat that Gun-an-noot had shouted at McIntosh. Neither of the Indians were at the inquest, which seemingly settled all doubt as to their guilt.

The verdict of the jury was: "We, having heard the evidence relating to the above case, have come to the conclusion that Alec McIntosh was killed by a gunshot wound between Two-Mile Creek and the hospital, and are agreed that it was a case of willful murder by a person of the name of Simon Gun-an-noot (Indian) of Kispiox village."

As for the murder of Max LeClair, Gun-an-noot's brother-in-law, Hi-ma-dan, was named as an accomplice, and a reward of $500 was offered for the arrest of each.

Constable James Kirby had reason for alarm. As soon as the results of the inquest spread throughout the village and surrounding districts, angry men began to gather. That very night a meeting was held in a field adjacent to the village and as torches flared and sputtered, some self-appointed orator told the others that the law should be taken into their own hands.

"This is a hell of a kettle of fish, when two innocent white men are first abused and set upon by a pair of red hooligans, then shot down in cold blood. The only thing the b-----s didn't do was scalp them! Well, what are we waiting for? What are we going to do about it?"

Constable Kirby, a tall, spare, but muscular, man with a walrus-like mustache, tried to do something about it and pronto. He arrested Gun-an-noot's father, an aged Indian named Nah-gun, who happened to be in Hazelton at the time. The constable and a small posse then rode out to arrest Gun-an-noot. Nah-gun's stay in jail was of short duration; three nights later the old fellow broke out and fled to the heavily wooded mountains to the north.

When Kirby and his posse arrived at the home of Simon Gun-an-noot, they discovered that the latter had fled, accompanied by Hi-ma-dan. In the corral behind the house, Kirby found Gun-an-noot's four horses, each with a bullet hole in its head. The wanted man, deciding to strike out on foot, had first killed his horses in the event that his pursuers might want to use them in the impending hunt.

And so the "long search" got under way.

CONSTABLE James Kirby got nowhere questioning Sarah. However, she was strong in asserting that both her spouse and her brother, Hi-ma-dan, were innocent of killing the two murdered men.

"McIntosh and LeClair were bad men who cheated people and had many enemies," she said to Kirby. "McIntosh told wicked lies about me and the other women of my village. None of us would take him to our wigwams, though he offered us money to do so."

"Yes? Well if Gun-an-noot and your brother are so innocent, why did they run away?" Kirby wanted to know. "Why did they not come to the inquest as they were told to do?"

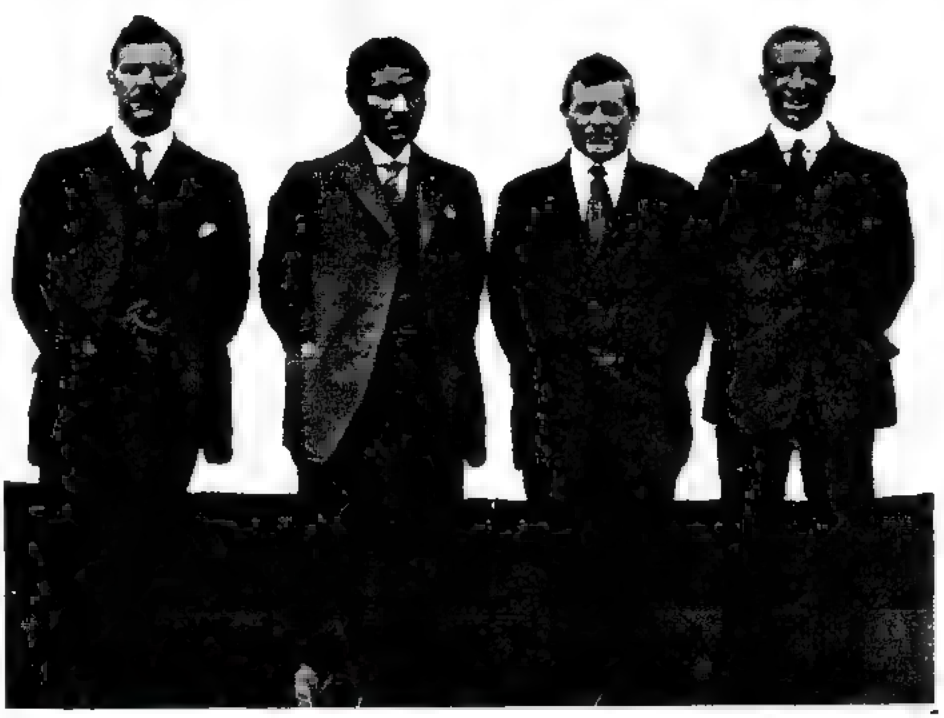
"Because they knew they would not get justice," was her answer. "Because they are Indians, two white men are dead, and there were many white men at the Two-Mile House who witnessed the fight and will tell false tales about them."

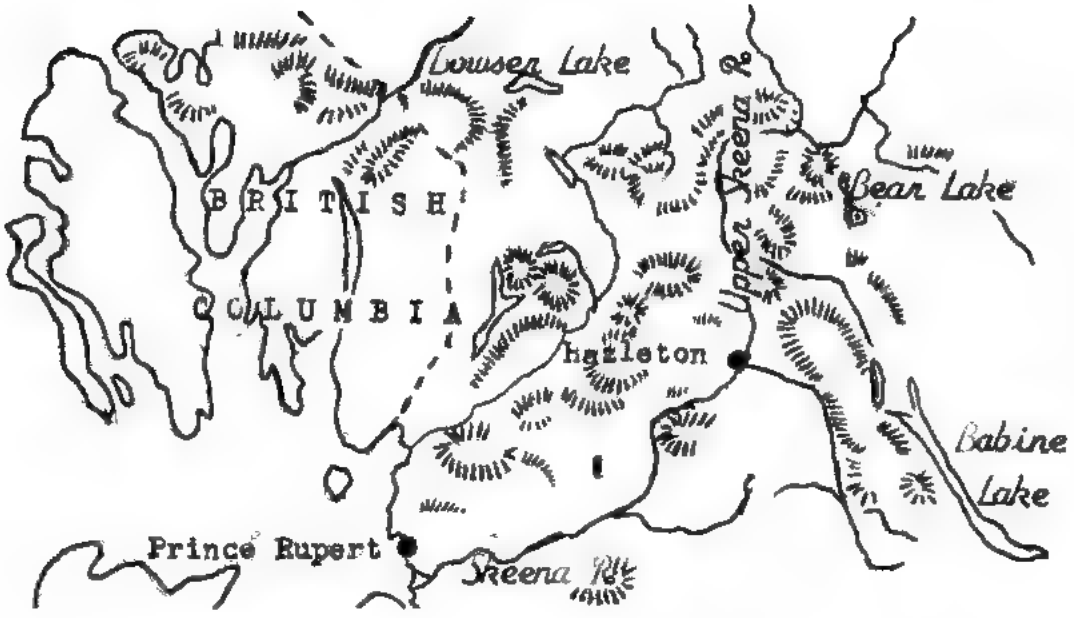
"That is not true but it makes no difference," replied the constable. "I will follow and capture Gun-an-noot as well as Hi-ma-dan, then hear what they have to say."

Sarah Gun-an-noot held her year-old son in her arms. Her four-year-old daughter stood beside her, watching the constable in awe. At Kirby's answer, a knowing smile crossed Sarah's face, and she shook her head. "You will never capture Gun-an-noot. I can promise you that," was her prophecy. "In time you may find Hi-ma-dan, for he is not a well man, but it is different with my husband. He is the wisest woodsman of all my people. He has the strength of three men

The "Forest Phantom" and the officers who searched for him. Left to right: Chief Constable John Kelly, Gun-an-noot, Constable Cline and Inspector Parsons.

Provincial Archives, Victoria, British Columbia





This map shows the area in which Gun-an-noot's exile was spent.

in his arms and a heart that knows no fear.

"No, you will never capture Gun-an-noot, even if you search for him for as many moons as there are stars in the sky."

There was certainly plenty of area for the long drawn-out game of hide-and-seek that followed. In fact there were nearly 10,000 square miles of shelter for Gun-an-noot to conceal himself in during the following years. It was a massive territory of mountains, deep valleys, plateaus, canyons and forests, through which the almost countless streams that emptied into the Upper Skeena River flowed. To the northeast was the Finlay River that flowed through the Rocky Mountains; to the south forty-mile long Babine Lake; and yet farther south the Nechako, a reach of the great Fraser River.

The first day of the search for the fugitives was as fruitless as the thousands that followed. Late in the afternoon, attracted by a continuous howling in the distance, Kirby and his posse finally found the fourteen pack-dogs Gun-an-noot used on his trapline. He had tied them to trees, shrewdly guessing that their barking and noisy presence would distract the posse from his trail.

That same night Simon Gun-an-noot stole back to his home for a last farewell with his wife and learned that he had been charged with murder. It was the month of June but, anticipating a lengthy stay in the wilderness, he took along two pairs of snowshoes as well as additional ammunition and an extra slab of bacon. As he left he told his wife, "I know that the law will close my store, confiscate my stock and leave you without a means of support, but do not worry, I will take care of you. Even with the police searching for me, in some way I will manage to provide for you. I love you, Sarah."

Then he vanished into the darkness and her long wait for his return had started.

DURING the years that followed, Gun-an-noot always baffled the search parties sent out to find him. He gave them lessons in the ways of the wilds, and his success brought considerable chagrin to the British Columbia Government. After a year passed and posse after posse continued to return empty-handed, a wave of fear spread over the Upper Skeena River district.

It was considered a lawless territory where a dead-shot killer was roaming at will, and by midsummer of 1907, a number of nervous settlers and prospectors had begun to leave the district. Desperate, since the jurisdiction of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police did not extend to British Columbia at that time, its officials called for the services of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency of New York.

The agency dispatched two of its crack operators to British Columbia, where they were told, "Simon Gun-an-noot must be captured. Bring him in!"

The two U. S. sleuths, selected for the assignment because of their woodland knowledge went into the Upper Skeena territory, accompanied by three Indian guides, and for the following two months did their best. Finally they were obliged to return without the fugitive. In fact, they never as much as set eyes upon him, but were not so sure that such had been the case where the wanted man was concerned. They told stories of how, especially at night as they sat around a campfire, they had the eerie feeling that unseen eyes were constantly upon them.

One of the Pinkerton men said, "There was a morning when we rose to discover that a small amount of tea and beans were missing from our supplies, but as though in payment, someone had left a quarter of venison, recently killed. I am sure it was the work of Gun-an-noot; I believe he could have killed us all a dozen times if he had wanted to."

Gun-an-noot and Hi-ma-dan were living off a country where deer, grouse, rabbits and moose were plentiful, and they were always able to keep a river, forest or mountain between them and the posse who hunted for them.

Occasionally Gun-an-noot would leave his companion, circle back, follow his pursuers, and at night would sneak up to their campfires, unseen, where he could hear their conversations. It was his only way of getting information as to what was going on in the outside world, as well as learning the latest views of the law in regard to himself and Hi-ma-dan.

Once, however, Gun-an-noot was within twelve paces of being captured. A search party led by a Constable Otway Wilkie of Vancouver penetrated deep into the Upper Skeena River country in search of Gun-an-noot and Hi-ma-dan. Wilkie, an experienced woodsman, chose the late fall and winter for the chase, when trees would be bare and the tracks could be seen and followed.

By raft and pack-horse, Wilkie and five others, with nearly two tons of supplies, finally reached Bear Lake, 100 miles to the north of Hazelton, where a winter camp was erected.

From there they scouted the surrounding territory, searching hundreds of miles in all. True, they never once caught sight of the fugitives but one December day in 1907, near the headwaters of the Skeena River and with a heavy snowstorm obliterating visibility, Wilkie and two of his deputies passed within twelve paces of a small hillock behind which the two wanted men crouched. The sprained ankle of Hi-ma-dan had forced a halt.

Constable Wilkie and his posse were not easily discouraged. They kept up the search until the late spring of 1908 before they finally returned to Hazelton, defeated. Of course there were numerous other search parties seeking the reward, who traversed vast areas, but always their efforts proved fruitless. Eventually the name "Gun-an-noot" became a by-word for cunning and stealth as Government officials devised new ways to bring about his capture.

Frequently search parties returning from the wilds would tell stories similar to those of the Pinkerton men. They would tell of discovering how several

(Continued on page 54)

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No one knew the strange secret burning in his heart.
And he kept it well — dying with it still unrevealed.

Penitent of the Plains

By KITTIE DALE

MYSTERY always has shrouded "Praying John Horrigan." His act of devout worship still stands out in frontier Kansas history and far excels the stories achieved by quick-draw ruffians, outlaws and law officers.

Although most legends cannot be backed by support and reference, "Praying John" became a unique, living legend in his own time. To strip the legend of any detail would be to tamper with authentic folklore.

In 1870, having no known ties whatsoever, John Horrigan emerged from nowhere, a man well under average stature, quiet and unobtrusive. His age was undetermined. Later it was learned he came to America from Limerick County, Ireland, in the early 1820's, when about fifteen years of age.

It is believed he was engaged in some capacity in the Mexican War, as he had vivid recollections of it. He was a teamster in the Civil War for General Logan, although he never enlisted. He treasured and sometimes wore a corded hat that was part of a soldier's uniform.

He came west with the army to the frontier forts built to protect the early settlers and freighted supplies between the various points. He spent some time among the Indians of the Southwest, though whether voluntarily or not is not known.

There have been many theories as to what crime or deed "Praying John" committed that impelled him to a life-long penance of prayer. To ceaseless questions as to his reason, he maintained a stoical indifference.

The explanation accepted generally was that being a teamster freighting supplies between the forts, his wagon was his home and on all these trips he was accompanied by his wife. Since these trips were full of the danger of encountering hostile Indians, it was mutually agreed that should such an event occur and they felt certain they were about to be captured by the Indians, he would kill her and then himself to avoid that most dreadful fate.

On one of these trips they were pressed so closely by the Indians that he could see no escape and proceeded to put into effect their agreement by shooting his wife. Before he could kill himself unexpected help arrived. When he realized that a delay of a few moments would have made his deed unnecessary, he looked upon himself as a murderer. The horror of it and his remorse made him devote the rest of his life to seeking forgiveness through prayer.

Every day, in solitude and sorrow, in all kinds of weather, summer and winter, he knelt in prayer on the open prairie. Except when they pressed too close, he was unaware of the curious who came to watch and hoped to hear his words. Rain, wind, thunder, lightning—nothing stopped him in his perpetual pilgrimage to one of his many places. Every morning found him facing the sunrise on Cemetery Hill; at midday he knelt along the railroad right-of-way and in the evening he could be found facing the sunset in devout concentration, near the old race track.

FROM his soldier's hat placed on the ground in front of him he was seen to take something out or put something in, but since all these places of prayer were so out in the open, he could not be approached closely enough for anyone to see or hear.

Painfully neat in appearance, his crudely made homespun clothing seemed always too large for him. He attended no church, claiming he communicated directly with God. Some thought he was clairvoyant, for occasionally he would tell things that seemed uncanny about both the living and dead which he said were thus revealed to him. Some thought he was of Catholic faith and that the object which he took from his hat was a rosary; others proclaimed him simply an eccentric suffering from a delusion of guilt.

Praying John Horrigan

Jeering children stoned him while he prayed. Cowboys laughed and ridiculed him; the more raucous playfully shot into the dust beside him, but the kneeling, immobile figure seemed protected within a charmed circle.

One jovial story went the rounds that "Praying John" was hired by the Chamber of Commerce to put on his act as local color. Along about sundown when the train, old 103, came puffing in and stopped at the station, astonished passengers aboard would remember and tell about this strange man whom they had seen with long flowing white hair, dressed in rumpled clothing, worshipping on bended knees along the railroad right-of-way.

Later this joke was added to the story: One day several women alighting from the train saw the silent, kneeling figure. One, it is stated, questioned the busy yardmaster.

"What is that man doing?"

"Praying," he laconically replied.

"But I don't understand. Why is he praying?"

"Well, Madam, I'll tell you," said the exasperated yardmaster. "This town is so all-fired busy that it hires him to do its praying."

"Praying John" did meet train 103 every evening about sundown. But his expression of resigned humility was not an act and he was never hired by anyone to pray. His chosen way of life was accepted and respected by the citizens of Ellis.

In the frontier days when herds of Texas longhorns came to Ellis to be shipped, the bawl of the cattle could be heard for days ahead of their arrival.

(Continued on page 64)

The Falling Star

Out of space
came a flaming meteorite
to lead John Fazzi
to a fabulous discovery,
but a strange fate
decreed that his reward
be only a
keg of rotgut whiskey —
and death!

Illustrated by Ben Carlton Mead

Editor's Note: The story of the falling star gold mystery came to the attention of this magazine through repeated inquiries over the years from treasure seekers who had heard bits and scraps of information about it. Recently TRUE WEST sent William B. Forbes into New Mexico to investigate it. In cooperation with Tom Bailey, who also had obtained some information concerning it, the following story was prepared and is presented here purely for its value as an interesting article about a lost treasure.

JOHN FAZZI, fifty-seven-year-old Mormon, had just about had his belly full of prospecting for gold in the New Mexico hills. He was going through his third grubstake in two years without finding anything worth mentioning and had decided to go back to driving freight wagons.

It was late June of 1871 and he was camped at a spring somewhere in the Rincon Range. He had neglected to keep a record of his travels over the past two or three months and could not be certain of his location. Mora lay at the far end of the range and all he had to do to get there was travel straight south.

Night had fallen. The sky was sprinkled with stars but there was no moon. Having a final pipe of his favorite plug-cut before turning in, he was sitting before his campfire staring moodily at the flickering flames. Off a little distance he could hear his burro, Trixi, munching on the lush grass that grew near the spring.

Suddenly he was blinded by a brilliant flash in the sky. He knew instantly what caused it—a meteorite streaking earthward. It was not uncommon to see meteorites in the desert; they lighted up the sky for miles around with a display of spectacular fireworks.

After a time he saw a steady light in the sky several ridges over and guessed that the visitor from outer space had started a brush fire. Most meteorites burned themselves out in the atmosphere before they reached the earth but occasionally an extra large one survived the plunge, either breaking up on impact and scattering burning sludge for miles around or penetrating so deeply into the earth's crust that it took a mammoth job of excavating to get at them. He thought this one had broken up on impact.

The light in the sky lasted for an hour or so and then disappeared.

Out of curiosity more than anything else, Fazzi set out the next morning to locate the place of impact, which he was certain would be marked by scorched ground.

He found it very quickly, not over a mile away. A patch of mountain cedar had burned and the ground around it had a scorched look. The object had been

Gold Mystery

By TOM BAILEY
and
WILLIAM B. FORBES

"Gold!" he shouted. "Gold, Trixi, old girl! We've struck it rich!"

traveling in an east-west direction and had left several furrows in the soil.

In the face of the hillside he saw a hole about the size of a freight-wagon wheel. Crawling into it a few feet he found that it had closed itself by the earth's falling in behind the penetrating body. He picked up what felt like pieces of rock and backed out.

Suddenly his eyes blazed. What he held in his hands were pieces of quartz shot full of gold! He could see that each piece contained almost as much gold as it did quartz.

"Gold!" he shouted. "Gold, Trixi, old girl! We've struck it rich!"

But what was a meteorite doing with gold in it? Meteorites, he knew, were of a common composition the world over. They were merely a rock formation containing little or no valuable metal of any kind.

Quickly he got his lantern and pick from the pack and returned for a better look at what he had found.

He saw immediately what had happened. The plunging meteorite had drilled through a rich ore vein that was part of the earth. The vein was about eight inches wide and from the way it slanted toward the hilltop, he guessed it lay just under the surface in a parallel slant, caused by some violent upheaval of the earth eons ago. Whatever had happened, the forces of nature had cleverly concealed the vein from human eyes, leaving no outcropping to indicate it was there. Had not the meteorite uncovered it, it likely would have lain undiscovered forever.

FAZZI, a slender man with a flowing beard streaked with gray, had been brought up a Mormon. While still a very young man he had left for the West, eventually taking a job as a teamster between St. Louis and Santa Fe. When the Mormons were driven from Illinois and moved to Salt Lake, he went there to start life anew, but found Brigham Young's colonization of his flock unacceptable. Leaving three wives and a farm behind him, Fazzi returned to his old love of the open road. But right after the Civil War ended, he took to prospecting, finding the nomadic existence to his liking. For two years he had prospected under a grubstake arrangement and hadn't found enough to pay for his salt. Discovery of the ledge of ore therefore was something to get excited about.

For two full days he did nothing but pace off distances with which to properly record his claim. To file it with the Territorial Land Office in Santa Fe, he would have to be accurate. The trouble was, however, that he had not the slightest idea of his location, except it was some

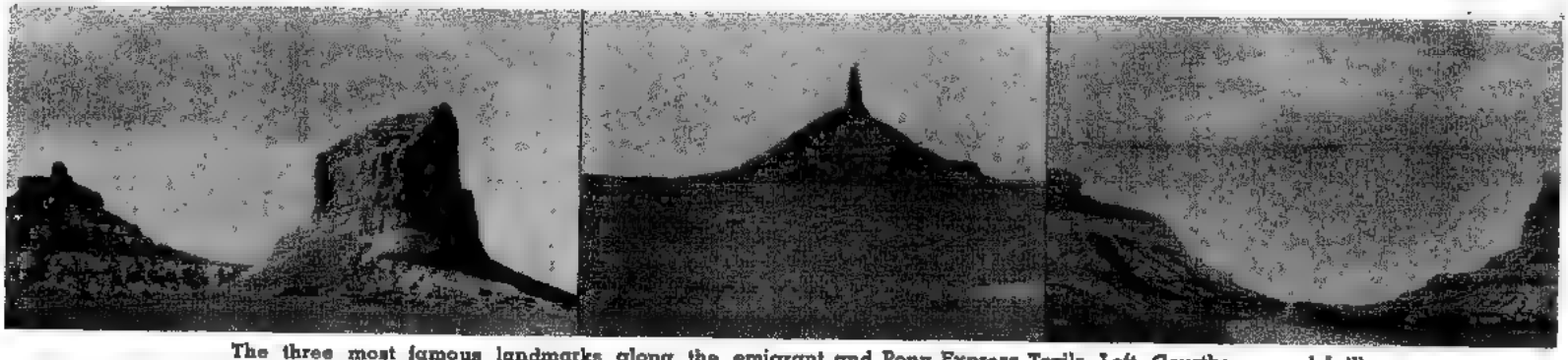
(Continued on page 50)

EIGHTEEN MONTHS OF GLORY

By CURTIS BISHOP

The exploits of the handful of men who made the Pony Express famous have inflamed the country's imagination for a full century.

Photos from Pony Express Productions



The three most famous landmarks along the emigrant and Pony Express Trails. Left, Courthouse and Jailhouse Rocks. Chimney Rock and Scotts Bluff. Scotts Bluff is now a national monument in southwestern Nebraska.

JOHNNY FREY started west on a jet black horse. At the identical moment Harry Roff headed east on a white bronco.

The dramatic contrast in their mounts was accidental, but not the wild celebrations which hailed their departures. The date was April 3, 1860. The places were 1900 miles apart. Slim Johnny Frey rode out of historic St. Joseph, Missouri, while Harry Roff swung into the saddle at Sacramento, California.

They were galloping into the annals of the West, and of the world, and each man knew it. So did the thousands cheering them on. Steamboat whistles screamed, locomotives hooted, flags waved, bands blared and grizzled frontiersmen lifted toasts of Godspeed.

At St. Jo a United States senator fervently declared that the moment was a turning point in American history. The events since have justified the eloquence of his claim, for Frey and Roff rode the first laps of the famed Pony Express. At far-flung points in the little-settled West other riders waited to grab the precious mail packets when these hardy horsemen tired.

Harry Roff got the revolutionary mail service off to a record start. His pace out of Sacramento that April day was never equalled again. He rode the first twenty miles of his eastward dash in fifty-nine minutes. Then, with only two changes of mounts, he galloped into Placerville, fifty-five miles farther on, a full half-hour ahead of all estimates. Precious seconds were wasted there before the next rider, known to history only as "Boston," was ready for his sprint into the Sierra Nevadas.

An alert crew of volunteers had driven pack mules ahead to clear away snowdrifts, and it was well they had. The mules were foundered in drifts thirty feet deep; "Boston" raced on to turn over his pouch to Sam Hamilton ahead of schedule. Sam, in turn, spurred his horse in a dead run across the sagebrush flats of Nevada.

Daylight was breaking over Salt Lake City when the flying shuttles passed each other. So far ahead of original plans were the two teams that the Mormon capital was caught completely unawares. A horseman galloping east waved his hand to a rider tearing on west, and that was all the fanfare.

By then the westbound crew had overcome Roff's advantage to pull ahead in their informal race. The westbound mail was originally expected to reach San Francisco just after daybreak. Somehow word got to the Golden Gate that the hard-riding mailmen were churning ahead of all bold hopes. San Francisco was no town to be caught napping, as Salt Lake City had been. The jubilant inhabitants of the coast city prepared to stay up all night.

They didn't have to. Just after midnight the weary anchor rider came down Market Street, spurring his jaded horse into a flying finish. The Golden City literally went wild. Bells pealed, bonfires blazed, exultant saloonkeepers shouted out invitations to belly-up on the house.

One hour and eighteen minutes later the eastbound shuttle reached St. Joseph and received a welcome almost as wild.

The elapsed time for Johnny Frey's

Old hotel and Pony Express well, Kennekuk, Kansas.

crew was nine days and twenty-three hours.

Almost 200 miles a day across desert and mountains! Letters posted in St. Louis reaching San Francisco in less than two weeks! Lordy, what would they think of next!

THE PHYSICAL results these horsemen accomplished now seem negligible. One has to appreciate conditions of the time to fully appreciate the significance of their accomplishment. The Union was reaching a crisis. The news-starved peoples of the West watched impatiently to see if civil war would actually erupt. Eastern statesmen, in turn, were concerned about the attitude of the West.

The flying horsemen brought to Utah, Nevada and California the first word of Abraham Lincoln's election, the shocking news that Southerners fired upon Fort Sumter, the sobering announcement that the President had called for volunteers. The California Column was organized less than an hour after word came.

But, perhaps even more important, the Pony Express accomplished a closer spiritual link between East and West. They did that with legend and drama more than with actual feats. Immediately writers seized up these riders and made them king-sized. The facts of the Pony Express "gave" with each telling and retelling, until embellishment had destroyed almost completely the real truth.

As late as 1890, imaginative boys from the East and South left drab existences on farms and villages to seek excitement as "Pony Express" riders. Even in the 20th Century the U.S. Postmaster General received inquiries about these colorful jobs. So many towns and resorts in the modern West claim to have been stations along the historic route that the casual observer cannot help but be confused about the route of the Express and its scope.

Mark Twain probably did more than any other author to glamorize these riders in their lifetimes. That gifted traveler penned a stirring description of these early heroes in his book, *Roughing It*. This volume had instant and wide appeal all over America, flaming young enthusiasms almost as much as Horace Greeley's editorial advice, "Go west, young man."

Let Twain's words show how these horsemen were regarded.

"We had a consuming desire to see a pony-rider, but somehow or other all that passed us streaked by in the night, and so we heard only a whiz and a hail, and the swift phantom of the desert was gone. But now the driver exclaims: 'Here he comes!' Every neck is stretched and every eye strained. Away across the endless dead level of the prairie a black speck appears in the sky. Soon it becomes a horse and rider, rising and falling, sweeping nearer and nearer, and the flutter of hoofs comes faintly to the ear. Another instant a whoop and a hurrah from our upper deck, a wave of the rider's hand, but no reply, and man and horse burst past our excited faces and go winging away like a belated fragment of a storm."

Such rhetoric was not undeserved. William Cody, the famed "Buffalo Bill," achieved more publicity than any other pony-rider but that was because he re-

(Continued on page 48)

I Survived the Massacre of Tres Castillos

By JAMES KAYWAYDLA
as told to EVE BALL

James Kaywaykla was just a boy when the Mexican troopers stormed down on the band of Warm Spring Apaches struggling to make their way back across the border. Here is his firsthand report of what actually happened.

James Kaywaykla today.

I AM a Warm Springs Apache and sole survivor of the Massacre of Tres Castillos in which Victorio's band was almost exterminated. Though I was very young at the time I remember that tragic night vividly. And I have heard accounts of it many times from Grandfather Nana, Grandmother, Kaytennae (my step-father), Siki Toklannie and Lozen, sister of Victorio. She was not present, but knew the story from others.

In 1880, during the Indian Moon, which White Eyes call October, our band was in the State of Chihuahua. We were camped a day's journey southeast of the Tres Castillos Mountains. There were about 400 people with Victorio, most of whom were women and children.

When Grandfather was summoned to Victorio's fire, he arose to obey. Tall and erect as the Chief himself, he strode to the council. Grandmother took food and served the warriors, and I followed. When Nana took his place beside Victorio I crowded in between them. I knew from their laughter that I had blundered, but the laughter was good. When my mother would have taken me, Victorio bade her let me stay.

Apaches did not smoke except when making Medicine, and then only cigarettes made of herbs wrapped in leaves. When Blanco ignited one, all sat in respectful silence while he blew smoke in each of the four directions, and then skyward. Then Victorio spoke, "I think we are comparatively safe here, for the cavalry will look for us in the mountains. We are badly in need of food and rest. As usual, our greatest need is ammunition.

"Today three warriors came in with thirty head of cattle. Tomorrow we will butcher and put the meat out to dry. Two days of this sunshine will prepare it for packing.

"A day's hard journey to the northwest will bring us to a little lake on the east side of Tres Castillos. Between the two is a grassy plain with plenty of wood. There we will camp until we hear from our scouts as to the position of the cavalry. From that place we will make a swift trip across the plains to the foothills of the Sierra Madre. There I have caches of blankets, food, and ammunition.

"What have you to suggest?"

Nana remained silent until the Chief addressed him. Then he asked that he be permitted to lead a raid for ammunition. The supply was almost exhausted, and much more was needed to undertake the trip across open country that lay before us. I knew that Grandfather had the Power over rattlesnakes and ammunition trains and was disappointed when Victorio courteously refused his request. He would be needed, the Chief said, to lead the rear guard, for in all probability if an attack came it would be from the City of Mules (Chihuahua).

Editor's Note: The late Jason Betzinez, in his book, I FOUGHT WITH GERONIMO, had the following to say about Nanay (Grandfather Nana) who was involved in the Tres Castillos battle: "At the time of this outbreak both Victorio and Nanay were well along in years, Nanay being quite an old man. But together they caused more fear among the settlers and killed more people in a shorter time than any other Apaches. In his youth Nanay was a tall, well-built man, so strong that he could shoot an arrow clear through a steer. I have seen him do it . . . even after he was old. He had been a proud, fearless warrior under Mangas and Victorio, a fighter who was able to stand up against anyone . . . By nature he was inclined to be peaceful but this all changed when he went on the warpath with Victorio in 1879. He was filled with a bitter hatred of his enemies which transformed him into a perfect tiger, overcoming his infirmities of age and muscular stiffness."

Victorio asked his men to choose a leader for the projected raid, and they chose Blanco. The chief told him to select his men and go immediately to notify them to prepare for the venture. Then he reminded them that fewer than twenty warriors remained with the band, and that he had given orders that the hunting and raiding parties were to join him at Tres Castillos before the band left for the western refuge.

Nana took my hand when the council ended and limped to our fire. There my little sister, Chenleh, cooed and held her arms to be taken. He seated himself with the baby and removed his moccasin. Grandmother brought warm tallow and began to rub his broken foot. He took it from her and performed the task for himself. In my life I had never heard anyone refer either to his age or infirmity. He shirked no task because of either, and he accepted only the service that all men did.

For two days the band busied itself with butchering and drying meat. The second evening they took the long strips from the bushes and pounded them flat so that huge quantities could be packed in leather bags. In addition, each person replenished the supply carried in the small emergency ration bag he carried tied to his saddle or belt.

Before dawn the camp was astir. No fires were lit, but we had a breakfast of dried meat and mesquite bean meal. Pack animals were laden and put in charge of adolescent boys. Horses were saddled, blankets and bags tied firmly in place, and the line of march formed. Before we were mounted Victorio rode past with

Left, Tres Castillos was almost directly south of El Paso. Right, Victorio. This seems to be the only photograph ever taken of him. It is a source of distress to Apaches that his head band was not worn for this photo, for they say he was very handsome and was fastidious about his appearance, especially his hair.

the advance guard. Grandmother waited until nearly all the people had passed us before motioning to mother to pull her cavalry horse into line. With Chenleh in her cradle on her back she did so.

My sister smiled at me as Siki followed. Next came Nana's two Mexican slave boys, then Blanco's wife. Of our group Grandmother rode last, with me behind the saddle, my belt tied securely to hers with a buckskin thong. That left us very close to the rear guard and Grandfather Nana.

It was cold. I slipped under Grandmother's blanket, snuggled against her warm back, and went to sleep. I was awakened by being uncomfortably warm, and very thirsty. But I did not ask for water. I knew that when she could, Grandmother would give me a drink from the jug she carried tied to the horn of her saddle. It was made of reed, and covered inside and out with the gum of the piñon so that it did not leak.

I watched the sparse clumps of vegetation, and the many stones as the horses wound their way among them. Several times I got a glimpse of Chenleh, asleep in her cradle. When I asked Grandmother about many queer looking holes along the way she told me that they were the homes of rattlesnakes, sleeping in the day, and coming out at night to hunt their food.

"Grandfather has Power over them," I said.

"Yes. But if one is bitten he becomes very sick, and suffers."

Sickness I had never seen. Deaths were no novelty to me. I had seen many, always from violence. I did not know that anything died otherwise.

At midday the line stopped. We dismounted and Mother released Chenleh from her cradle. She spoke, and I turned my back while she poured water over the little body, lined the cradle with grass from a supply she carried, and rebound the baby in her cradle. I was given water, and Grandmother let me eat the food in my bag. The adults were not accustomed to midday meals.

I slept again. When I awoke the shadows on the right were elongated and grotesque. Grandmother told me that she could see the long sand dune around which we must pass to reach the lake. There was a very narrow passage between it and the foothills, and it would not be long until we would round the dune. There we would find grass, water and fuel. There she would cook our evening meal and we could sleep in peace.

I dozed, I think, for the next thing I remember was a glittering strip of light across the water. Horses were drinking; flames flickered on the shore. Already women and children were gathering dry sticks for fires.

Without waiting to unsaddle, mother took Chenleh from her cradle and wrapped a blanket about her. Again she bathed the baby. Siki took all the horses except Mother's and started to the lake with them. Mother's mount tugged at the reins she had given me, and almost pulled me off my feet.

"Go on, Siki," Mother called. "My horse will follow when I get the saddle off."

She left Chenleh wrapped in a blanket and came to me.

I HEARD shots! Many shots! At the lake I saw flashes of fire. I saw Siki, too, nearing the water.

"Indah! (White Man!)" screamed Grandmother, and began running after Siki. Mother called to her to come back, but she kept running.

Mother lifted me to the saddle and reached for Chenleh. The horse was frightened and plunging. Mother dared not release it to get the baby. People raced past us up the mountain. A man called to Mother to mount and ride.

"My baby! Get my baby!"

She meant for him to hand Chenleh to her, but he bent, lifted my little sister and sped away with her. We never saw her again.

She mounted and turned the horse's head uphill. When we reached a little bench she stopped and looked back toward the lake. There was less firing, just a few scattered shots. I knew that the Chief and his guard were out of ammunition.

Below us horses galloped back and forth in the darkness, horses with shod hoofs. They were cutting off our people from the mountain. Above us I heard the clank of metal on stone. Mother pulled into the deep shadow of a boulder and stopped. She slid to the ground and pulled me beside her. She turned the horse's head south and gave him a sharp blow.

Again we began to climb. We moved softly now, stopping often to listen. Suddenly I heard the clank of hoofs. We crept toward a huge boulder. When we reached it we found that there were two, their tops touching, leaving a narrow cleft between them. I thought of rattlesnakes and pulled back. Mother squeezed herself into the opening and sat with her feet extending in front of her. She drew them up and pulled me into her lap. Our feet were just inside the enclosure.

Hoofs! Three riders halted close. I could see their heads dimly against the sky. They spoke in Spanish, then two of them rode away. The third dismounted and walked straight toward us. I held my breath while he stopped and listened. He leaned his rifle against one of our sheltering boulders and rolled a cigarette.

(Continued on page 38)

Arkansas Louisiana Gas Co. Photograph by Adrian R. Snider

Arkla Village is an authentic re-creation of a mid-nineteenth century frontier town, with a saloon (soft drinks only!), general store, grist mill, blacksmith shop, livery stable, sheriff's office, jail and show track. It's located on U. S. 67 about forty miles northeast of Texarkana, near Emmet, Arkansas.

By now you've read all about the newest one. But here's one kind of transportation you haven't read about for a long time.

By TOM O'DWYER

Left, Milburn Jones is "squaring up" the running gear on an Arkla Village carriage. Right, a deluxe "Hayburner."

Arkansas Louisiana Gas Co. Photograph by Adrian R. Snider

Don Graham, Shreveport Journal

Arkla Industries

Anybody for a Sunday afternoon drive?

Buggies Are Back!

SAY WHAT you will about the good old horse-and-buggy days being gone and forgotten, and then take a look off yonder, podner, and put on your specs if you don't believe what you see!

Yes, sir-ree! That's a hoss and buggy, sure's you're born! And there'll be more and more of them as time goes on.

This talk about gas mileage being what it is, some people are beginning to compare it to horse mileage and horse mileage is winning hands down. It's all a matter of the original investment and having a good pasture—after that you get twenty-five miles to the gittap, not to the gallon. One or two gittaps, or "get along there, Dobbin," and you're all the way to town without spending a cent.

So many country-living folks are going over to horse and buggies that the people making the buggies are finding orders piling up faster than they can be filled. Even horses in some sections of the country are hard to come by, so great is the demand.

Now just who would be wanting a horse and buggy, especially in this era of fast cars, rockets to the moon and everybody hurrying to catch up with somebody else?

It's the country-loving folks who are in no particular hurry, those who live a few miles from town and want to drive along leisurely to watch the corn grow, or to count the melons on a vine. Dude ranches out West whose guests are tired of hurrying and want to enjoy the scenery, cattlemen who would rather sit in a comfortable buggy seat than in a hard saddle, suburbanites who want to be different from their neighbors and, in fact, just about anybody who likes to think that the old ways of life are not slipping entirely away, that there is still a lot of pleasure to be had in just riding along at a fast trot without trying to break all speed records between where you start from and where you're going, have become converts from accelerators to reins

Yessir, at the rate the horse and buggy is coming back, it won't be long until we will have to be slowing down our fast cars for them, like it or not. The horse was here before the gas buggy and they still have the right-of-way. Look at your state laws and see. In most states motorists are required to slow down at least 100 yards from a team, or one horse, as the case may be. So don't get the notion you're going to stop it before it starts, because you're not.

Horses and buggies won't be all over our express highways, don't get me wrong. They will be mostly on the rural roads, especially the dirt roads, what few are left, for that is the kind of road old Dobbin likes. But they will also be found on the graveled highways leading into rural districts.

Oh, it's only a craze, some may say. It'll last a while and then be gone like all other crazes. But don't fool yourself. This so-called craze started back in the Decadent Fifties and has steadily grown with the years. There is every reason to believe the Golden Sixties will see more and more rigs on the road.

At a brand-new 16,000-foot-square factory in southwest Arkansas, buggies, surreys and other carriages which were popular at the turn of the century are coming off production lines like Fords and Chevvies. The place is called Arkla Village, and it is laid out like a frontier town. Here are all the earmarks of a miniature Disneyland, except that one hears the hum of machinery off in the distance and the sound of men at work.

Other manufacturers in Indiana, Iowa and North Carolina also put out a line of buggies. From the looks of things, horses are here to stay!

Imagine asking a salesman how much horse mileage a model has, or how many rpms another one can build up. Or how fast a model will go. (Remember, the engine comes separate and has only four cylinders, two forward and two back And you buy fuel by the ton, not by the gallon. Oh, yes—it won't need winterizing either, and snow tires or chains aren't necessary. Neither will you have to have sparkplugs checked or valves ground.)

And you won't get any tickets for speeding. Even Count Fleet couldn't run that fast!

Cousin

Fabulous Virginia City had fabulous stories to tell. Here are some of them, told by a man who was there.

General Ulysses S. Grant and party at the mines in Virginia City, Nevada, October 28, 1879. From left to right, J. A. MacKay; Mrs. M. G. Gillette; U. S. Grant, Jr.; Mrs. U. S Grant; U. S. Grant; S. Yanda (kneeling); Mrs. G. Fair; Governor J. A. Kinkead; Colonel J. H. Fair. Notice the heavy jackets and square lanterns.

VIRGINIA CITY is some eighteen or twenty miles south of Reno and twenty-one miles northeast of Carson City. The word "city" was often added to mining camps to give them prominence —hence Virginia City, Carson City and Austin City. Virginia City's elevation is 6,200 feet. Some winters the snow drifts high in "C" Street, and snow or no snow the cold November winds chill you to the bone.

The Comstock Lode extends for five miles from "C" Street, where the original strike was made, south to Gold Hill and Silver City. From 1860 to 1890 the Comstock Lode produced $600,000,000—largely silver ore.

The history of Virginia City began 110 years ago, for it was in the spring of 1851 that Allen and Hosea Grosch, the sons of a Universalist clergyman of Utica, New York, were finding their riffles badly clogged with blue stuff—a substance which others had discarded.

The Grosch brothers were more than common prospectors, for they had mastered the mysteries of metallurgy and assaying and they knew what the blue stuff was. They knew that a fortune in silver lay within reach.

They were panning gold to pay expenses during the summers and spending the winters in El Dorado County, where they intended to organize a company to mine silver. Coming back in the spring of 1857 they brought with them Richard Bucke, a young Canadian, but they told him nothing of the big vein. Only George Brown, stage-station master at Gravelly Ford, knew the secret and he had promised to join them and help them with money he had saved.

But awful things were in store for the brothers. Hosea stuck a pick in his foot and within a few days was dead of lockjaw. Their partner, George Brown, never reached them for he was robbed and murdered. Allen and Richard Bucke started out late in November to cross the Sierra and join friends in El Dorado, but they had waited too long and were overtaken by terrible snowstorms.

Their food gave out and, as there was no feed for their burro, they killed it and lived for a while on the meat. Allen carried the location notices which told the whereabouts of the big silver ledge together with other papers and ore samples in a knapsack. When they found they couldn't walk any farther, he concealed the knapsack in a fallen tree.

They were now crawling on their knees because their feet were frozen and they couldn't walk. Luckily they were picked up by some miners who were out deer hunting and hauled on sleds to what is now Healdsburg. The miners were forced to make crude amputations on both the boys. Just before Allen died, he tried to tell Bucke the location of the big ledge, but he couldn't talk and so the secret was lost. Bucke returned to Canada and became a prominent doctor.

TWO IRISH gold miners, Pete O'Riley and Pat McLaughlin, were the next ones to locate the big ledge.

When Allen Grosch left for El Dorado he left John Page Comstock to care for his cabin. Comstock was to be called "Old Pancake" owing to the fact that he never had time to make bread but preferred to live on pancakes. He knew that the Grosch brothers had found a ledge but he didn't know where it was.

When McLaughlin and O'Riley located the ledge, Comstock at once informed them that they were trespassing on his property. The next to claim a portion of the new strike was James Finney (whose real name was James Fennimore). He had killed a man in California and migrated to Utah and Nevada and changed his name to James Finney. Finney was from Virginia and all who knew him were constantly reminded of the fact and he was to become known as "Old Virginnie."

One night, upon returning to his dugout, he dropped his bottle on a rock. With a curse he christened the camp Virginia and Virginia City it has remained to this day.

"Old Virginnie" sold his interest for a blind horse and a bottle of whiskey. (Some say a blanket was thrown in.)

Samples of the blue stuff that clogged the riffles made their way to Nevada City. The result of the silver assays at once created a stampede for the new diggings. McLaughlin and O'Riley sold

Jacks and Fighting Micks

By

JOHN

HOFFMAN

Above, these buildings have been undermined and won't be standing long. Below, Piper's Opera House sits on a Virginia City slope.

their share for $40,000. Before McLaughlin and O'Riley died, their new owners had recovered $17,500,000 from the Ophir alone. McLaughlin was to die on a sheep ranch and O'Riley in a madhouse.

Comstock sold his interest in the Ophir Mine for $10,000 and ended his life in Bozeman, Montana, by shooting himself.

Another part-owner, Alvah Gould of the famous Gould and Curry Mine, sold his share for $450 and spent it all on a good drunk in Gold Hill.

Now the future Comstock kings were to be heard from: Flood, Fair, Mackay and O'Brien are names associated with the Comstock, but there are other great names, too, among them, including Mark Twain.

Mark Twain was a spokesman of early Virginia City. He tells us that the first twenty-six graves in Virginia City were occupied by murdered men. "The desperado stalked the streets with a swagger graded according to the number of his homicides and a nod of recognition from him was sufficient to make a humble admirer happy for the rest of the day."

For a time in Nevada the lawyer, the editor, the banker, the chief desperado, the chief gambler and the saloon keeper occupied the same kind of society and it was the highest.

The saloon keeper was a man of importance—his opinions carried weight. Many a man was killed under hardly a pretext of provocation so impatient was the killer to achieve reputation.

It was inevitable that a camp supporting 100 saloons should have daily killings. To add to these fatalities, the mines of

the camp were in full progress, employing from 500 to 1,000 men, and accidents occurred daily. Each morning on the hoist house at each shift the names of the men killed on the preceding shift were listed.

All of the men who developed the mines of the Comstock had had former experience in mining in the Mother Lode of California. Such men as John W. Mackay, George Hearst and Marcus Daly got their experience the hard way—on the end of a muck stick (shovel) and a miners' pick, then became managers of their own mines through honesty, perseverance and a willingness to take big chances.

Mackay had been placer mining in California since he was sixteen years old. Eight years later he and his partner, Jack O'Brien, heeded the call of the Comstock Lode. At the time of Mackay's death, he could not have come within $20,000,000 of knowing how much he was worth.

George Hearst sold his interest in the Lecompton Mine in Nevada City, California, and purchased a half-interest in the Ophir Mine on the Comstock Lode for $10,000. He then formed a company which he named the Washoe Gold and Silver Mining Company Number I to finance the Ophir. He later sold his share in the Ophir for $45,000. This was the beginning of the fortune from which his son, William Randolph Hearst, was to build a newspaper empire.

As John Mackay and Jack O'Brien were approaching Virginia City they paused, leaning on their long-handled shovels. O'Brien said to his partner Mackey, "John, have yez any money? I'm broke."

"Yes," said Mackay, "four bits."

"Hand it over then," and Mackay passed the coin to his pal. O'Brien took it, curved his right arm and sent the half-dollar skimmering over the sagebrush far down into the canyon.

"What are you doing?" shouted Mackay." "Thats my last!"

O'Brien took his arm. "Let us enter the city loike gentlemen," he replied.

Little did they realize what riches were in store for them. Little did George Hearst dream that he would go on to the Homestake Mine in South Dakota, a mine that would pay $160,000,000 in dividends, and little did he know that the Haggin-Hearst-Tevis-Daly syndicate would own or control 100 gold, silver and copper mines scattered from Alaska to the Andes of Peru. Nor did Marcus Daly, who acquired his experience in hardrock mining in Virginia City, suppose he would become the founder of the great Anaconda.

Water wheel in Virginia City, Nevada.

IT WAS only natural that the Virginia City mine would attract the attention of the entire world. Many crossed the Isthmus of Panama on foot to embark for the second time to reach San Francisco, pausing just long enough to get their breath and join the stampede for the Comstock Lode.

Like many of the Old West's mining camps, Virginia City was filled with Irishmen and, as well, immigrants from Wales and Cornwall (dubbed "Cousin Jacks") who had learned their mining as boys in the old country. A deep hatred existed between the Irish and the Cousin Jacks which led to many fights and quite a few killings. I do not have access to the records of the penitentiary at Carson City but I have been given to understand that several Irishmen were executed for murder of the Cousin Jacks. These fights often took place underground, where a body disposed of was hard to find. When the graveyards of Virginia City were finally filled, they then began to use Gold Hill and Silver City as burial grounds. A few of the many epitaphs include:

Richard Pearce (a Cousin Jack)
Killed in the Yellow Jacket Mine
Gold Hill
May 2, 1874
Age 22 years—Native of Cornwall.

James A. Grant
Who was killed while on duty in the Gould and Curry Mine
A native of Picton, Nova Scotia,
July 31, 1875
And his wife Mina McCleod
"Lovingly in their lives and death not long divided"

Sacred to the memory of
John J. Monaghan, born in St. Sylvester, Canada
February 15, 1838
Died in Pioche, Nevada
July 4, 1871
"May his Christian faith find sweet repose in his Savior's deathless love"

The story of Virginia City would not be complete without the story of Julia Bulette, the beautiful Louisiana Creole, who was the town's most famous courtesan. Julia was idolized by the entire male population of the camps. When epidemics

Mark Twain's cabin.

raged and the men were poisoned from drinking contaminated water, she turned her palace into a hospital and became their nurse. Julia could prepare the choicest broths and seasoned bits of Creole cookery as well.

Julia prospered in material things and was the recipient of the most expensive gifts from the richest of nabobs. Diamonds, sables, even a Brewster carriage which had to be transported across the Isthmus and a team of matched bays were regaled upon her.

One night she was robbed and murdered and was given the greatest funeral ever held in Virginia City. Three men had been seen to enter her house on the night that she was murdered. Only one man was identified with the plunder and he was rewarded with the most spectacular hanging that the town could invent.

A club car that once traveled back and forth over the T. & V.C. Railroad has lettered on each side the name "Julia Bulette." In a Virginia City saloon known as the "Bucket of Blood" you'll find a picture of the same lady in a gilded frame lighted by a lamp shaded with red.

For years there would be one or more funerals a day. The Irish miners would hire a rig from a Virginia City stable to attend a burial at Gold Hill. After the burial they would invariably get drunk, whip up the horse, pull off the road, tip the buggy over and smash it up and the horse would run away heading for home. It would take a month's work to pay for the damages.

As the boys of Virginia City began to grow up and were big enough to work, they would go to school during the winter and during the summer they would get jobs mucking (shoveling rock into the cars that carried the ore and the waste to the surface). At first, when the mines were dry, the dust was very bad and by the time they had reached manhood many of the boys had become victims of silicosis (called miner's consumption in those days).

After the mines began to get deep, they got wet and hot and silicosis was no longer a threat. The workings of the Ophir were more than a mile deep and the heat was terrific. When a shift went on, a ton of ice went down on the cage and was thrown into a tank of water. The men worked fifteen minutes and cooled off for fifteen minutes in the tank. Their hair turned white early and everywhere they were known as "hot water plugs."

Back in the seventies a prominent easterner watched a number of men come down "C" Street and inquired of a bartender who those men might be. "Are they the elite of the town?" Their clothes seem to substantiate the fact; bowler hats, patent leather shoes and watch chains made of gold nuggets reaching across their double-breasted vests gave evidence of prosperity. They could have been bankers or gamblers or successful businessmen but each one was carrying something. The bartender explained to the eastern visitor that they were miners coming off shift. When it was time to knock off they took a shower, left their digging clothes in their lockers and changed to their street clothes. Each one was carrying his lunch bucket on his way home.

FIRE was always a menace in Virginia City; the great fire in October, 1875, destroyed property valued at $10,000,000. Perhaps the most terrible fire of all was that which broke out in the Yellow Jacket Mine at seven o'clock on the morning of April 7, 1869. Forty-five men lost their lives in the fire which continued smouldering for three years.

In the year 1860, the vein in the Ophir shaft suddenly widened to sixty-five feet. The ore was very rich but the miners were confronted with a serious problem—they could not hold the ground and their method of timbering was of no avail. Two miners working in the face of a drift were buried alive and suffocated before they could be rescued.

The work was so dangerous that the miners refused to go underground. In their desperation the owners sent for Phillip Deidesheimer, a native of Germany and a miner by profession, who had been operating a quartz mine in El Dorado County. He had never seen a quartz lode fifty or sixty feet wide before and he was at a loss to know what to do. For five days he studied the situation, then one morning after he came up out of the mine, he noticed a bee flying back and forth collecting honey and storing it in the cells. Instantly the thought came to him: why not support the walls of the Ophir just as the bee supports his honeycomb? He would build square sets of timber and they would be the cells of the honeycomb. He had invented the system of square sets one to be placed on the top of the other. A whole forest of Sierra pine had found a home in the Ophir mine and the system became so successful that it was adopted all over the country.

Sandy Bowers, one of the original locators of the Comstock, had staked out a ten-foot footage in the center of the richest portion of the Lode and an adjoining ten feet had been given to Eilley Orrum by a miner to pay a board bill. They consolidated their holdings and refused all offers to sell. They next built a home in Washoe Meadows which was an amazement to all, and Eilley felt herself to be the Queen of the Comstock, for their income was $100,000 a month. Eilley wanted to go to Europe and visit other queens, and so they threw a farewell party at the International Hotel on "C" Street.

They now had money to throw at the birds and the birds seemed eager to pick it up. They spent their money for whatever took their eye. Between 1863-64 they left $250,000 in Paris. Poor Eilley never got the opportunity to meet Queen Victoria but someone was kind enough to give her a clipping of ivy from a wall of Windsor Castle which she transplanted to cover the walls of her home in Washoe Meadows. The ivy should be there yet. Sandy died in 1868 and Eilley died in 1903 in an old folks home—she had lost both her income and her home but she liked to speak of the ivy as a gift from one queen to another.

John Mackay, when he went to work as a hardrock miner at $4.00 a day in the Kentuck, had something else on his mind besides drunken Saturday nights and Sunday morning headaches, for he took his pay in stock instead of cash. However, there was one block of stock that was missing—held by a man who had gone south to fight for the Confederacy. Mackay suddenly disappeared and was absent for some time. No one knew his whereabouts, but when he again appeared in Virginia City, he had the missing block of stock and it was said that he obtained it from a Confederate soldier in the front ranks at the battle line of Chattanooga.

The vein that Fair and Mackay were working in the Consolidated Virginia and California had pinched out and its stock had dropped to almost nothing, when suddenly the vein appeared again in the form of a knife blade stringer of solid silver. They followed it for weeks and then it widened into a vein seven feet wide. They had struck the Big Bonanza. Their partners Flood and O'Brien, the wealthy saloon men of San Francisco, began secretly to buy up all the stock they could find, but the Big Bonanza was soon known to all.

In the first days of the Comstock, before milling facilities were available, the richest ore was shipped abroad. Eventually mills were erected locally and the waters of the Carson River were put to use.

Long-line mule teams took the place of oxen because they were faster, but the upkeep of the teams was expensive and the freighters charged big prices. While the ore was being hauled down, wood for the fires to run the steam hoists and timbers for the mines had to be hauled back up.

Mills, Sharon and Ralston were not only bankers but also shrewd and far-seeing men as well. They encouraged the mill owners to over-extend themselves and soon had things their own way. They

(Continued on page 57)

"The

By MILT HINKLE

Photos from the Author

Bill Pickett, "The Dusky Demon." The photograph above has never before been published. It was taken in Austin twenty years before his death.

I WAS A close friend of Bill Pickett and worked with him on and off from 1905 until his tragic death in 1932. Yes, Bill and I were cowhands, contestants, and Wild West performers together and a finer man or better friend could not be found.

Bill Pickett was a Negro, a big-handed, wild-riding South Texas bushpopper. Bill could ride and rope, but bulldogging was his specialty. Bill originated bulldogging "bite-em lip" fashion and won world-wide renown. He was not a big man, only five-feet nine-inches, weighing around 165 pounds.

William "Bill" Pickett, after his remarkable feat, became known as the "Dusky Demon." He was raised in Williamson County, Texas, near the town of Taylor. This was only about thirty miles the way the crow flies northeast of Austin, the state capital.

Pickett worked at odd jobs around Taylor, Georgetown, Round Rock and Rockdale. He also worked as a ranch hand. It was while working on a ranch near Taylor early one spring that he introduced the manly art of bulldogging.

Pickett said his boss told him to follow a cow that had a newborn calf hid in the thicket and when the old cow got to the calf for him to bring both of them out. The old cow was known to be a busher. Pickett knew if he followed that smart old cow, she would lead him away from the calf, and so he rode in the opposite direction until he saw which way the cow was headed. Then he took out after her. The calf saw him, jumped up and started running with its tail high and bawling as loud as it could.

The old cow took after it bawling herself; at this the calf ran to its mother's side. The old cow was sure on the prod, fighting mad. Being weak from the long winter and from the calf, she did not want to leave the thicket and was ready to fight.

Pickett took down his catch rope, while she was standing still in the thicket. He could not swing his rope, so he just threw it underhanded from his horse.

This made the old cow charge his horse with her head down, and he knew she would hook Chico, his horse, with her very sharp horns. Pickett reached down and caught hold of the cow's horns to keep her from goring Chico. Pickett held so tight, the cow pulled him out of the saddle and when he hit the ground he was still holding the cow's horns.

"Mr. Milt," Pickett said, "I just had to keep that old cow from running her horns into my little horse Chico. That cow scared my horse so bad that he ran off and left me alone with the darn old cow. So I had to bust her to the ground and I did it by putting my left arm under her horn with my right hand holding her other horn and twisting her old neck until she went down.

"Yessah, Mr. Milt, I was sho mad at

Dusky Demon"

Men of many cultures and many backgrounds contributed to making the West great. Bill Pickett was born in poverty in Williamson County, Texas, and became one of the most famous and most courageous ranchhands and rodeo performers the West has ever known.

that old cow for trying to hurt my Chico, and I tried to pull her eye out of her head with my thumb. I grabbed her by the lips with my teeth and started biting her. I was sure mad at that cow. I took hold of her like old Spike." Spike was the name of the best catch dog that ever took hold of a cow.

Pickett's horse ran back to where the small herd was, and the boss saw the horse and rode to where Bill was having it out with the cow.

"I knew if I let her up that we would have a fast foot race," chuckled Pickett, "en' I never was fast on my feet."

The boss rode up and remarked, "Bill, you're a regular bulldog holding that cow with your teeth."

At this time he threw his rope and I put it on her and around her head. "Get up, Bill, she can't get to you."

"Well, she got up and charged at me," continued Bill, "The rope stopped her. Now the boss didn't bring my horse back with him, so I walked back and we took one of the oxen out to the cow. We necked her to the oxen and tied their tails together and it wasn't long before we had her and the calf out of the thicket and back to the herd.

"Now, Mr. Milt, it was at this time while walking back to the herd that I conceived the idea of jumping from my horse to the cattle's head and horns, catching them with my teeth and holding 'em like the bulldogs did, as it would not cut up the stock as much as the dogs did."

A short time after this while working for Lee Moore, who ran some cattle near Rockdale, Texas, and while driving some steers into the railroad stock pens for shipping to Kansas City, one of the big longhorn three-year-old steers broke back and started to make a fast getaway. Little Chico saw him, and turned so fast that Bill was almost left in the air.

"Bring him back, Bill," Lee Moore shouted.

"Yes, sar," Pickett answered.

Chico was now at the steer's right side and just started to turn the steer to the left in order to head him back to the stock pens.

"Now is the time," said Bill to himself. He jumped; little Chico kept running and pulled Bill's feet forward just as he got the neck and horn-hold on the steer dropping down its right side. He grabbed the steer by the upper lip with his strong white teeth, threw his arms up to signal Lee Moore that he had bulldogged his steer and to come help.

Mr. Moore and two of his cowboys rode up to where Bill had the steer down, as they had penned the other steers.

Lee Moore said, "You black rascal, that was some stunt." He dismounted, put his rope and one of the cowboy's ropes on the steer. One riding one way and the other riding the opposite way gave Bill a chance to get away from the mad animal. A short while after this, Pickett performed the feat for the second time near the stock pens at Hempstead, Waller County, Texas.

LEE MOORE took Pickett to various events around the country and every time Pickett busted a steer to the ground, his strong white teeth clamped tight on the critter's lip, the crowd stood up on their hind legs and roared. It was the trip to Phoenix, Arizona, that put Bill over in a big way, and also at Tucson.

On another trip they went to Colorado, then to the fair at Grand Forks, North Dakota. Bill then left Lee Moore, and Dave McClure, "Mr. Cowboy" himself, took Bill and towed him all over the country, wherever there was a big steer-roping contest.

McClure billed Pickett in the newspapers as Bill Pickett, the most daring cowboy alive, "The Dusky Demon."

In 1905 Joe Miller, then the big boss of the 101 Ranch in Oklahoma, sent his younger brother Zack to Texas to see Pickett. After he saw Bill bulldog two steers, he hired him. Bill wanted to know how long he would be gone from his family.

"A long time," Zack told him.

Pickett told him he couldn't go because he had quite a few younguns to look after and a big fat wife he loved. He also had a few poor old cows.

Zack scratched his head, looked Bill straight in the eye and said, "I'll buy your confounded poor cows and will move you to the ranch in Oklahoma. We'll furnish you a good house for your family and give your kids that are big enough to work a job."

"So bless my soul he up and moved my wife and children to the ranch here," chuckled Bill, as he related his story. "You see, Mr. Milt, I was no youngun when I started this thing they call bulldogging. I must of been nigh on to forty years old but I was as good as any man who was only thirty.

"You see, Mr. Milt," Pickett told me, "the reason the Miller Brothers wanted me was they were going to have some kind of big doings at the ranch for a bunch of newspaper editors. They wanted me to bulldog on the 101 Ranch in 1905 for the editors.

"But shucks, Mr. Milt, you and Stack

(Continued on page 55)

Milt Hinkle, "The South American Kid," bulldogging a steer. Milt was one of the first really great rodeo performers.

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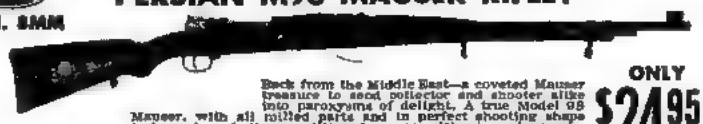
Cal. 8MM



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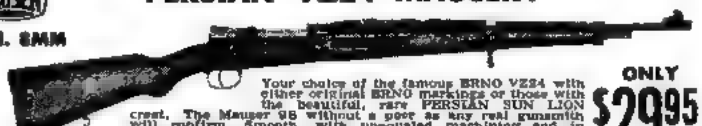

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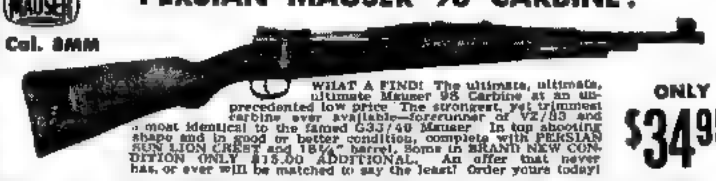
PERSIAN MAUSER 98 CARBINE!

Cal. 8MM



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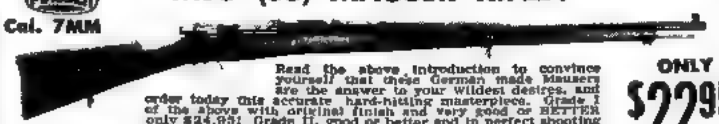
M95 (SS) MAUSER RIFLE!

Cal. 7MM

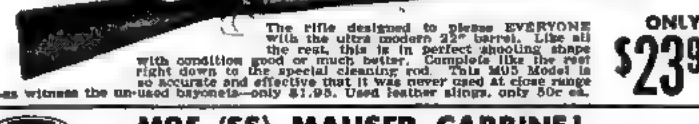


Read the above introduction to convince yourself that these German made Mausers are the answer to your wildest desires, and order today this accurate hard-hitting masterpiece. Grade I of the above with original finish and very good or BETTER only $24.95! Grade II, good or better and in perfect shooting shape only $22.95! 7MM (M.C.) ammo only $6.00 per 100. Used military slings .50. NEW Bayonets only $1.95 complete with scabbard

ONLY **$22.95!**

M95 (SS) SHORT RIFLE!

Cal. 7MM



The rifle designed to please EVERYONE with the ultra modern 22" barrel. Like all the rest, this is in perfect shooting shape with condition good or much better. Complete like the rest right down to the special cleaning rod. This M95 Model is so accurate and effective that it was never used at close range—as witness the un-used bayonets—only $1.95. Used leather slings, only 50c ea.

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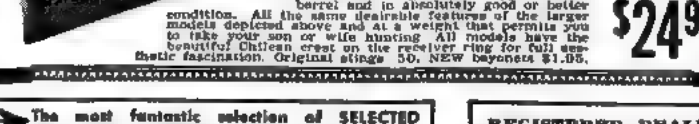
M95 (SS) MAUSER CARBINE!

Cal. 7MM



The perfect little Mauser Carbine complete with a genuine 18¼" Carbine barrel and in absolutely good or better condition. All the same desirable features of the larger models depicted above and at a weight that permits you to take your son or wife hunting. All models have the beautiful Chilean crest on the receiver ring for full aesthetic fascination. Original slings 50. NEW bayonets $1.95.

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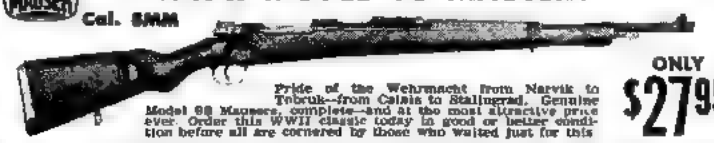
WWII MODEL 98 MAUSER!

Cal. 8MM



Pride of the Wehrmacht from Narvik to Tobruk—from Calais to Stalingrad. Genuine Model 98 Mausers, complete—and at the most attractive price ever. Order this WWII classic today in good or better condition before all are cornered by those who waited just for this

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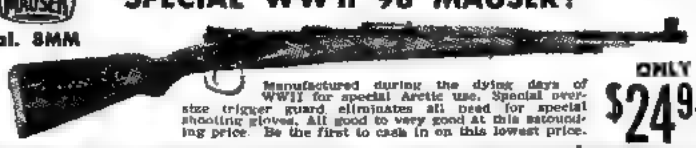
Cal. 8MM



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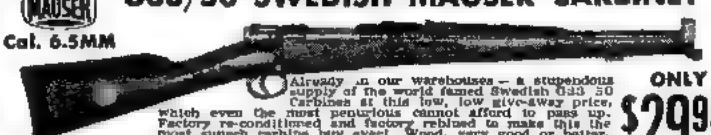
G33/50 SWEDISH MAUSER CARBINE!

Cal. 6.5MM



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Cal. 7MM

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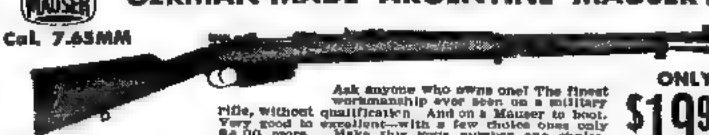
Cal. 7.65MM



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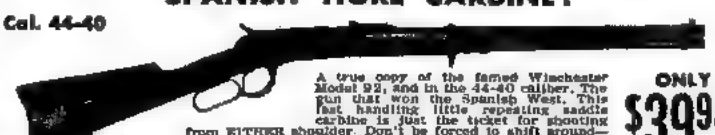
Cal. 44-40



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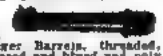

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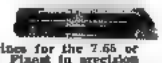

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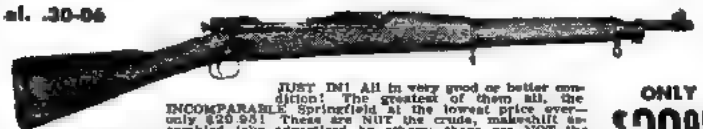
al. .30-06



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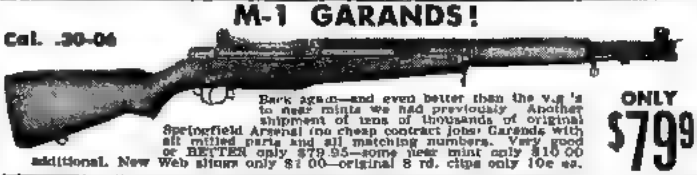
Cal. .30-06



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al. .30-06

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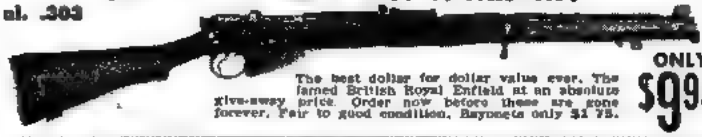
al. .303



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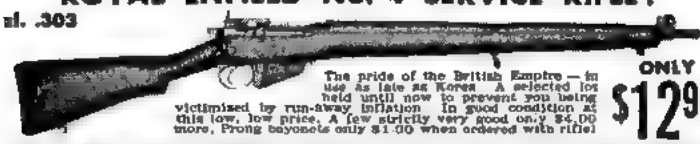
al. .303



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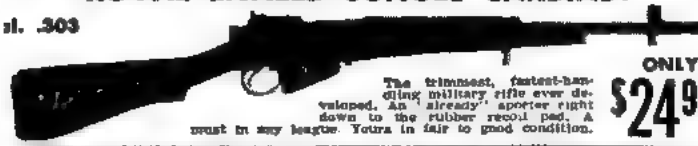
al. .303



The trimmest, fastest-handling military rifle ever developed. An "already" sporter right down to the rubber recoil pad. A must in any league. Yours in fair to good condition.

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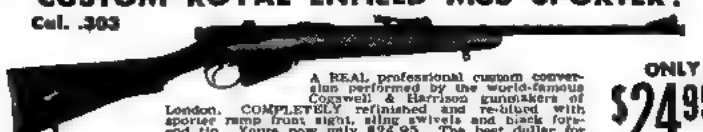
CUSTOM ROYAL ENFIELD M60 SPORTER!

Cal. .303



A REAL professional custom conversion performed by the world-famous Cogswell & Harrison gunsmiths of London. COMPLETELY refinished and re-blued with sporter ramp front sight, sling swivels and black fore-end tip. Yours now only $24.95. The best dollar for dollar conversion only.

ONLY **$24.95!**

INCREDIBLE AMMO BARGAINS

Minimum order (except Soft Point) 100 rounds. All prices below (except Soft Point) per 100 rounds. Shipped RR. EXPRESS. SHIPPING CHARGES COLLECT. Sensational New prices! Save, save, save.

NEW REDUCED PRICES

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7.63 MAUSER (PISTOL) (M.C.)	$3.00
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6.5MM JAP (M.C.)	$6.00
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.30-06 BLANKS	$4.00
.30-40 KRAG (M.C.)	$5.00
.303 BRITISH MILITARY	$7.50
.303 BRITISH BLANKS	$4.00
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(Those few with asterisk (*) above are partially shootable but fully componentable.)

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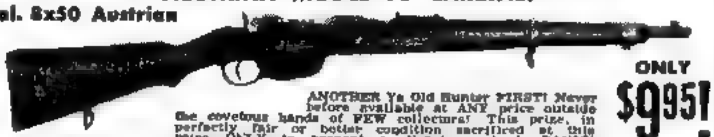
Order ALL SIX of these delightful specimens depleted below at less than what others have charged for any TWO models. Order from this ad!

AUSTRIAN MODEL 95 CARBINE!

Cal. 8x50 Austrian



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AUSTRIAN MODEL 88/90!

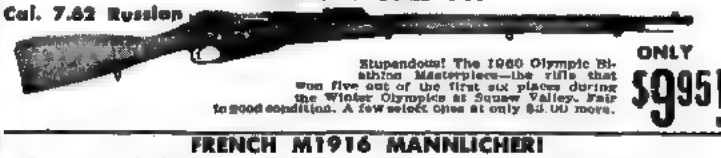
Cal. 8x50 Austrian

Back for the last time. One of the original, fast, straight pull designs that was the "atomic" weapon of its day. A unique design that will keep you incessantly engrossed! Totally fair shape.

ONLY **$9.95!**

RUSSIAN MODEL 91!

Cal. 7.62 Russian



Stupendous! The 1960 Olympic Biathlon Masterpiece—the rifle that won five out of the first six places during the Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley. Fair to good condition. A few select ones at only $5.00 more.

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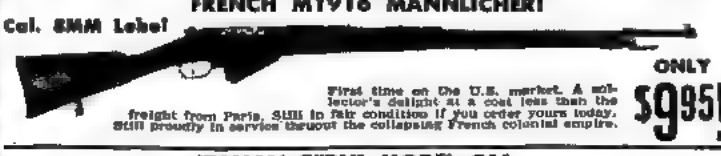
FRENCH M1916 MANNLICHER!

Cal. 8MM Lebel



First time on the U.S. market. A collector's delight at a cost less than the freight from Paris. Still in fair condition if you order yours today. Still proudly in service thruout the collapsing French colonial empire.

ONLY **$9.95!**

ITALIAN TERNI MODEL 91!

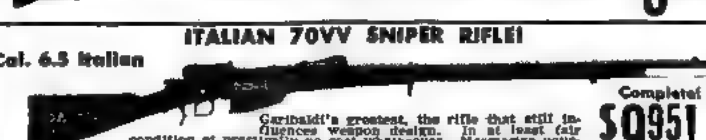
Cal. 6.5 Italian

These rifles you see advertised elsewhere at exorbitant prices under different names! Why pay a cent more? Take advantage of this at least fair specimen at an "all heart" price!

ONLY **$9.95!**

ITALIAN 70VV SNIPER RIFLE!

Cal. 6.5 Italian



Garibaldi's greatest, the rifle that still influences weapon design. In at least fair condition at practically no cost whatsoever. Mesmerize yourself endlessly with its spaghetti-grained stock and its unfathomable justification as a weapon. Built to last a lifetime.

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World's Lowest Prices!

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ONLY **$34.95**

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WEBLEY & SCOTT REVOLVERS!

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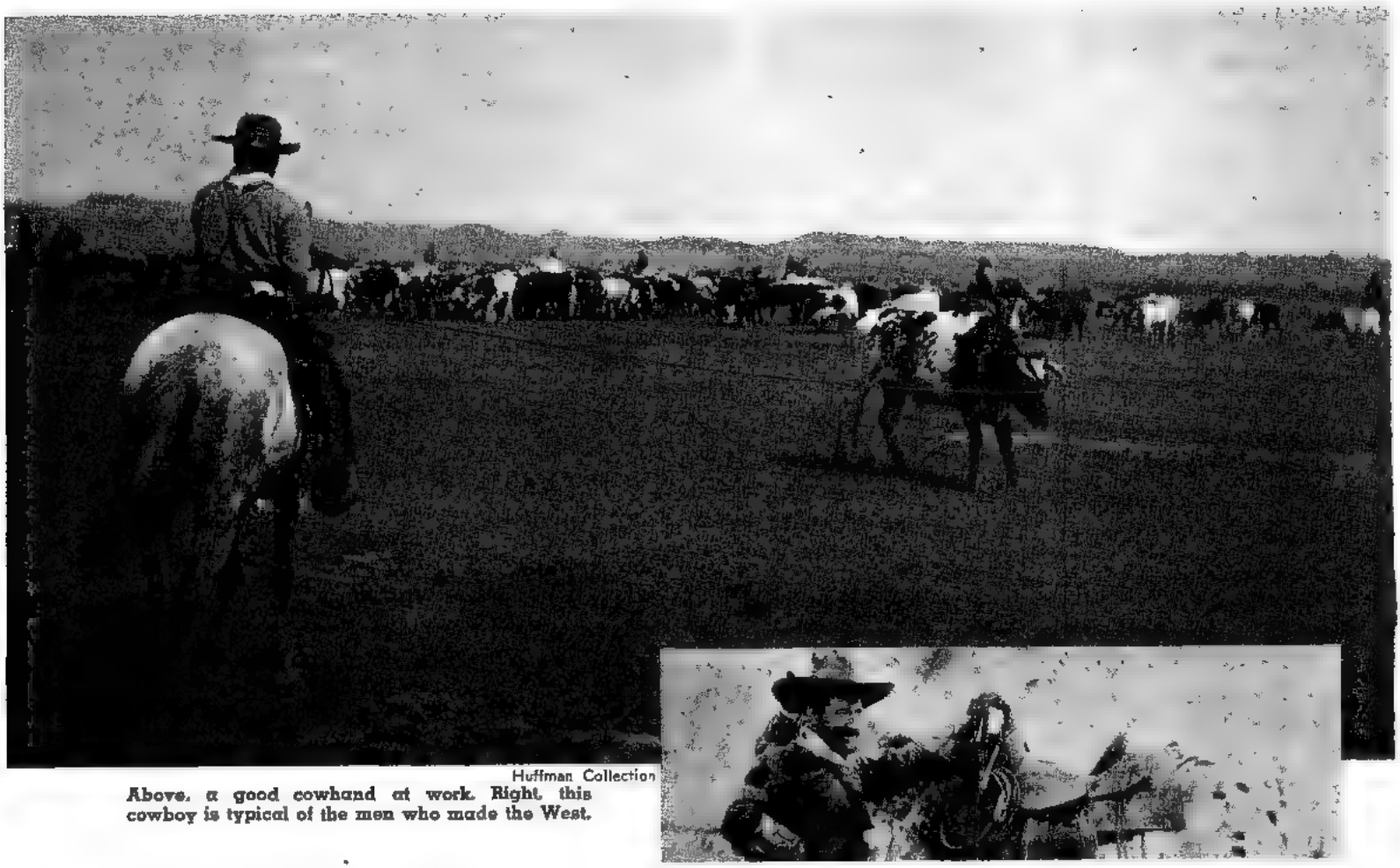

Huffman Collection

Above, a good cowhand at work. Right, this cowboy is typical of the men who made the West.

Wild old Days!

ONE OX

By JOHN H. DAVIS

BACK IN the year 1900, I was taking a short cut from our camp in Canada to Culbertson, Montana, riding one horse and leading another with my bed and some dishes packed on his back. I saw a lot of cattle bunched up close together on the north side of Lake Creek. I recognized it as a roundup and knew a wagon would not be far away, so I changed my route to take it in and get some dinner.

After getting a little closer, I saw the camp between the herd and the lake. I rode up and got off just as the cook hollered, "Come and get it!" All eyes were on me. I says, "Hello, fellows," to the whole bunch and kind of held back for a minute. Then a man came out of the cook tent with a tin plate loaded down with eats and a big cup of coffee. He said, "Grab a plate, stranger, and help yourself to something to eat."

Nobody had much to say until after they were through with their meal. Of course, some had eaten and gone out to relieve the fellows with the herd, who had come in and now were eating.

I sized them all up—they were doing the same to me—and finally the man that told me to grab a plate said, "Where are you headed, stranger?" I told him to Culbertson to meet my dad, who was coming there from Kalispel. "Does he live there?" I told him that the family lived there. "Then you are not from Canada?" I smiled some; I saw they had read the earmarks—a straight-stemmed pipe and a plug of T&B smoking tobacco not obtainable in the U.S.A. One of the fellows that had come in from the herd had finished eating and was making a smoke. He looked at me and said, "Do you want a cigarette?" and tossed me the makings.

Later I got to know this fellow real well. The boss said, "Your ponies look real tired; you had better turn them loose and stay till morning. I will give you a fresh horse to ride, as we are going to work this herd and brand the calves today. In the morning we are headed for the sand hills east of the lake." I accepted the invitation and was pleased at my reception. They gave me a fresh horse, and we went to work on the herd. I just helped to hold them up, but I noticed two dark-complexioned fellows seemed to do most of the cutting out, while the others held the cut and the herd.

Later, when all the cows and calves were in one bunch, the boys moved them closer to camp than the big herd was. They started a fire with some wood that had been dragged from the wagon. When the irons were red hot, one of the dark fellows that I had been watching rode in among the cows and came out dragging a calf by the hind legs. He yelled out the brand on it. He kept this up for an hour or more, calling this brand or that brand, ID (the government brand), and some others. Then he rode to the

cut side and the other dark fellow took his place doing the same kind of work, and just as good. I could see they were half-bloods, but did not say so. Toward the last the first fellow went in again and finished up.

I was sitting on my horse next to a fellow at that time. I spoke to him about those fellows being good stock hands, and he said they were the best in the country. "They are brothers," he told me. "They were born right down here at the mouth of the Big Muddy. Those BF cattle belong to their father and he has a lot of them." I could see that all through that big herd were BF steers four years old or better and a lot of cows and calves. I was told these brothers had a string of twenty saddle horses apiece with them all summer.

LATER IN THE day I talked with the same fellow about these bloods and he told me the story about their dad. I took it just as a story but in later years I got to know the old man and more about him and found it to be true.

The story was that Jakie Bowers started west from some place in Kansas to freight with a bull team, as they called them in those days. He headed for Fort Buford and started west along the military road that ran from the fort on west, to parts unknown to him.

When he got to the Muddy there was no bridge. He picked out a likely place to cross and started his oxen across in the face of a storm. While in the water, lightning struck and killed three oxen, leaving him with one ox and a loaded wagon. While he was trying to get his wagon and one ox out, some Indians rode up—he thought to help him—and they did, after he asked them to. The next morning an old Indian showed up and offered him a squaw for the three dead oxen.

He thought it over for a while and made the deal without seeing his side of the bargain. He got his wagon out of the Muddy with a team of horses borrowed from the Indians. He built a log cabin there, starting a home for himself and his squaw. That was several years before the Great Northern came through. In this cabin the two good cowhands were born. A short time after the younger one's birth, their mother died.

He started his BF herd—1,500 of them were started from that one ox—and brought up his two boys there. Like I said, they were two of the best cowhands I ever saw.

What prompted me to write this was a story I read about a man that came from Wyoming leading a steer and carrying a branding iron and later on marketed 600 head from the start of that one steer. Of course, he must have had a long rope.

MY FLOUR SACK DRAWERS
By Eva Tubb

DID YOU EVER take the time to think what the flour sack has contributed to this country? As I recall, back more than fifty years ago, here are a few things that I remember the flour sack's being used for.

First, and very essential to the dignity of women, were the "underclothes" as they were called in those days. The better fixed, as the people that had more money were known as then, trimmed their "drawers" with store-bought lace, or crochet and bits of embroidery. The not so well fixed didn't have the time to do any extra work on theirs, and the poor, like us, didn't even take the time to bleach the trade marks from the sacks. I remember well some of the trade marks that adorned the seats of my flour sack drawers, and I would like to pass these memories on to you.

Since our mother was a widow and holding down a claim in northwestern Kansas, we sure didn't have any extra money for finery. We didn't have too many sacks for drawers either, because we also used them in making sheets and pillow slips.

Mother would sort out the best and lay them aside for sheets, the next best went for the pillow slips and the rest were used to make our drawers—except the scraps. We made nightcaps of them. I still have in my possession such a nightcap that I wore in the year of 1907.

A PATTERN was cut out of paper to fit the "seat it was to cover." At our house we cut two patterns. The seats of my sister and I were the same size so the one pattern was used for both of us, but Mother's pattern was altogether different than ours, because she wore the "trap door" model that was then the fashion of the day.

Many of our flour sack articles were made by hand while we were supposed to be "resting" or sitting around the stove trying to keep warm. I learned to make buttonholes when I was eight years old by working them in the waist band of our flour sack drawers.

Here are some of the names of the trade marks that covered our behinds, "None Better," "American Beauty," "Kansas Pride," and just below some of these symbols in small letters was printed, "You can't find better anywhere," and "You will never try any other."

As I visualize my baggy underwear of over fifty years ago, I have to laugh and you can bet your bottom dollar that I wouldn't trade the scanty briefs that I wear today for all of the flour sack drawers that I ever owned. No sir-ree, not me!

"BUSHRAT BINGE"
By George Jennings Cole

SHORTY STILES and I had been trapping up on the Tapsy River and we returned to our cabin on Francois Lake a lot earlier than expected. After cleaning up the cabin and chasing the bushrats out, we human bushrats took up our abode. Along about the third night I was lying on the bunk reading a magazine while Shorty was pacing back and forth between the bunk and the stove. "I feel that someone has been monkeying around in this cabin," said Shorty, who was a very good housekeeper.

I paid no attention to him, but when he grabbed a trail axe and began tearing up the floor, then I heaved myself off the bunk and wanted to know what was going on.

"I saw the lamplight reflecting something bright under the floor," he exclaimed.

Taking a board out, Shorty came up with a bottle of smoky-looking hooch of some kind. "Well, I'll be damned," he snorted. Looking farther and taking up more boards, we found that our cabin contained a canoe-load of the stuff.

Shorty pulled a cork, got a cup and sampled the stuff. "Tastes like a cross between whiskey and beer," he said wryly.

The stuff was not bad tasting and very potent. Next day, after we slept off a hangover, we invited Henry Voltman, the Dutchman; Charley Reddict, the Southerner; Jimmy Brewer, the Englishman; and Missouri Joe Van Leer to come up and sample our find.

(Continued on page 40)

Chicago and North Western Railway

Modern freeways have nothing on this "triple-layered" railway construction in Lead, South Dakota. In the middle is the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley engine #208 (class G); Chicago, Burlington and Quincy engine and car are below; and on the upper tramway, the "J. B. Haggin"—the famous Number 4669.

Veteran of the Black Hills

By MILDRED FIELDER

Transporting a railroad locomotive, 1879 model, by ox-team was like hauling a tiger in a wheelbarrow.

RESIDENTS of the Black Hills in South Dakota stood wide-eyed one day in the late summer of 1879 as they beheld a huge freight wagon pulled by a twelve-bull team, hauling a railroad locomotive. Some had never seen a railroad locomotive and didn't know for sure what it was; those who had, 'lowed they'd had one too many and took another look.

It was a twenty-two inch gauge locomotive and the engine plate read "No. 4669, Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, U.S.A."

"What is it?" a boy inquired of a bystander.

"Why, son, it's a locomotive. A railroad locomotive. Can't you see what it says on the side?"

But what was a locomotive doing in that part of the country where there was no railroad? This question puzzled many until they learned that it was being transported from Bismarck, North Dakota, to Lead, South Dakota, for the Homestake Mining Company, then constructing track between its mines and mills. It weighed five tons and had sufficient traction to haul a train of fifteen cars. It was named the "J. B. Haggin" in honor of one of the original large stockholders.

The photo used herewith, showing three trains, one above the other, was taken about 1901 in Lead and shows "The J. B. Haggin" hauling a train of sixteen ore cars on a high trestle above two other railroad tracks. When the little locomotive was first brought to Lead, the Homestake Mining Company was just beginning.

But the engine was only a toy compared to the next hauling operation, when the company brought in a large Corliss engine to run its 120-stamp mill. This piece of machinery weighed 89,000 pounds and had two huge flywheels, each fifty-six feet in circumference. To transport it over the rough roads required forty-two

Homestake Mining Company

Left, the first load of wood is pulled by the Black Hills and Fort Pierre Railroad in December, 1881. The town in the background seems to be Lead, South Dakota. Right, the BH&FPR train crawls past Giant Bluff in Elk Canyon, South Dakota. The photograph was taken by Grabill sometime in 1890.

mule teams. The haulers encountered problems galore—roadways which were too narrow, rocks that had to be removed and areas where re-grading was necessary. Some compared the operation to moving a house over mountainous roads.

Served only by stage and freight lines, the newspapers of the Black Hills region began screaming for a real railroad. Some editors became promoters toward that end. Under the originally named Black Hills Railroad Company, the Homestake line, or Black Hills & Fort Pierre Railroad, was formed, followed by another, the Deadwood Central Railroad. An early promoter of the latter, P. P. Dicksenson, put up $100,000 and asked Deadwood citizens to put up another $50,000, but nothing happened. No one believed a road could be built with that amount. The Deadwood Central was not begun until 1888.

The grading for the Black Hills & Ft. Pierre was launched and a right-of-way began creeping down the valley from Lead City toward Woodville.

By September of 1881, three miles of track had been laid. The transporting of a narrow gauge (3-foot) engine for the Homestake line posed greater problems than had been encountered by the first effort. Called the "George Hearst," this locomotive finally tooted its whistle and moved down the tracks of the Homestake line, officially known as the Black Hills and Fort Pierre Railroad.

The roadbed was steep, some places having a four percent grade to pull. There were many twists and curves. In the winter time, cuts in the hills were filled with snow, making runs impractical between February and May.

In the summer the engine was a hot little wood-burning hog, but it got the job done until bigger and better railroads could be built. Today the rails are gone but the old grades are still there and you can find a few rotting ties along the right-of-way.

The original engine, "The J. B. Haggin," sits proudly in the Adams Museum in Deadwood, polished like a button shoe, the first to choo-choo and whistle its merry way over a Black Hills roadbed.

The first engine to chug along the BH&FPR. Very dimly on the nameplate near the engineer, the words "George Hearst"—the name of the engine—are visible.

Homestake Mining Company

MEN PAST 40

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To men of middle age or past this type of inflammation occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such Inflammation causes men to grow old before their time—premature senility and possible incurable conditions.

Most men, if treatment is taken in time, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Inflammation. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

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The NON-SURGICAL New Type treatments used at the Excelsior Medical Clinic are the result of discoveries in recent years of new techniques and drugs plus over 20 years research by scientific technologists and Doctors.

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RECTAL-COLON
Are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. These disorders, we can successfully treat for you, at the same time we treat Glandular Inflammation.

REDUCIBLE HERNIA
Is also amenable to a painless Non-Surgical treatment that we have developed. Full details of this treatment given in our Free Book.

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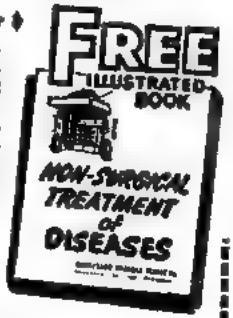
The Excelsior Medical Clinic has published a New FREE Book that deals with diseases peculiar to men. It could prove of utmost importance to your future life. Write today. No obligation.



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I Survived the Massacre of Tres Castillos

(Continued from page 23)

I tried to still the beating of my heart while he smoked. I could have touched him. Finally he dropped the cigarette and ground his heel upon it.

When he was out of hearing we left our refuge and crawled up the mountain. There were still occasional shots in the valley. Horses moved back and forth and I knew our people were being hunted down and killed. But I heard no cries, for they were Apaches.

In a clump of greasewood at the east edge of a flat bench on the mountainside we found a woman and a little girl.

"There is a shallow arroyo crossing this bench. It comes down from the mountain. We will crawl up the dry watercourse, one starting at a time so that some may not be killed. I will send my boy first—or your daughter."

"It is already too late," murmured the woman. "There are Mexican soldiers all about—on each side of the arroyo. I can hear them, and smell the smoke of their cigarettes. Nothing can cross that place unseen."

"It is our only chance," replied Mother. "And we must do it now. In a few minutes the moon will rise, and this place will be light as day. Go."

She shook her head and Mother motioned to me. I started on hands and knees, keeping one hand ahead to guard against cactus, as I had been taught. Creep and freeze! That was one of the first games an Apache child was taught, a game designed for survival.

When I stopped I heard voices. But I kept on, never looking back, never moving far. When I saw dark vegetation ahead I crept into it and waited for Mother. I picked thorns from my fingers; then I looked again. Suddenly, very close I saw a bush move. It kept on toward me till Mother lay beside me.

MOONLIGHT was already flooding the bench. The woman and her child? Mother shook her head and began creeping deeper into the vegetation. Moccasins make little noise. We kept on climbing until Mother stopped to let me rest. The bench lay below us. We could see the men and horses, but no sign of the woman and girl.

At the lake was a big fire. There were occasional shots, scattered ones.

"Victorio?" I said.

"Dead. All are dead."

"Grandfather?"

"He may have escaped. He could do nothing for the Chief; it was his duty to protect the helpless. If Nana lives, so do your uncles who were with him. They will hunt for us."

"Grandmother? Siki?"

She shook her head.

"Chenleh?"

She pulled her blanket over her face.

All night we toiled up the mountain, stumbling, falling, struggling toward the summit. Tired as we were, we had to keep moving because of the cold. Mother had had no food for twenty-four hours. Her emergency bag had been left on her mount. But she had a butcher knife, and with a knife an Apache can survive.

At dawn we crossed the ridge and started down the west slope. We stopped for a short rest. When I awoke she was carrying me. I asked her to put me down. I heard the thud of moccasins and saw a man staggering toward us. His left arm dangled at his side with blood dripping from it. Mother did not know him, but he was Apache. She cut and peeled long shoots, tore up his shirt, and bound the splints to his arm. Then she made a sling for it.

"I had been hunting. I rode in just before the cavalry attacked. My horse was killed. I must have been unconscious; otherwise they'd have killed me. They took my rifle and ammunition belt."

"What are we to do?"

"Find Nana. There is a deep arroyo at the foot of the mountain where we can hide. He may be there, for he knows that place, and that it would be one where those who escape might take refuge."

Mother had to help him down the slope.

I had found a green gourd and was chewing the pulp. It was very bitter, but it was damp. Mother saw a movement ahead, and we stopped. A young woman came up the hill with a reed water jug. She gave us a drink. She took one of the man's arms, and Mother the other. They almost carried him to the arroyo.

And, as he had said, there we found Nana.

We remained there until seventeen people had come in. Nana's men arrived with horses, and we began our flight to the Sierra Madre.

James Kaywaykla at Carlisle.

The Last of the Rock-Drill Champions

(Continued from page 11)

gather all over the West, a glass will be lifted to the memory of Walt Bradshaw. His beloved partner, Joe Freethy, has also passed to the rock-drillers' Valhalla, but Joe's glowing tribute to the champ will never be forgotten:

"The real, *true* West was made by working men; not gunfighters and saddle bums, like they show us in the movies.

"My God, don't folks realize that there were *decent* people out here too? Men like Walt Bradshaw, with sledges and axes and shovels in their hands and honest sweat streaming down their faces! Billy the Kid? Wild Bill Hickok? *Pah!* Lads, I give you Walt Bradshaw—a MAN!"

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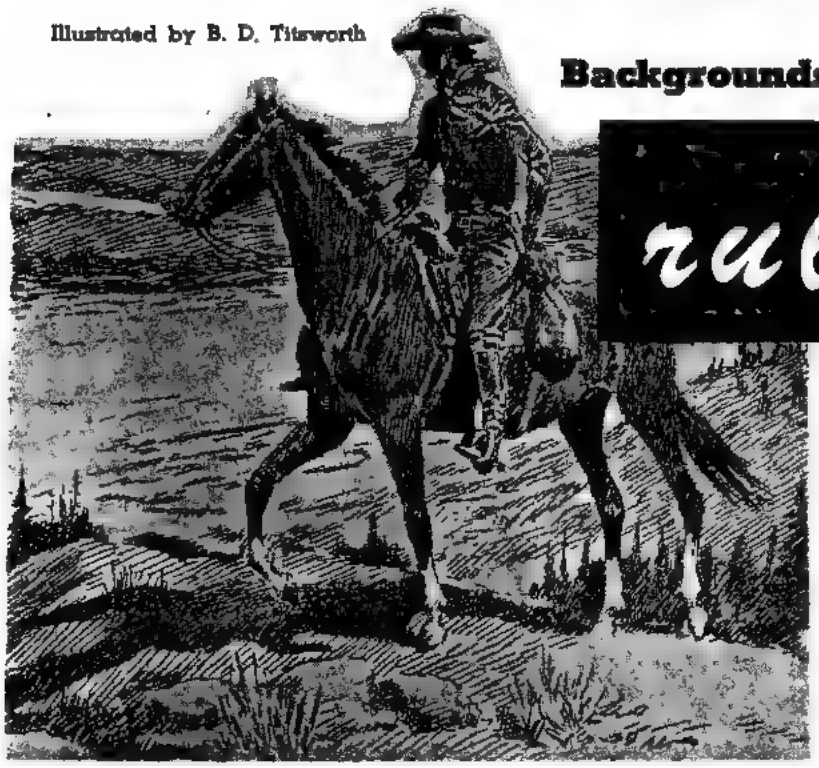
Second in a Series —

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth



Backgrounds of Famous Western Badmen

rube burrow

By JOHN CARSON

WHEN Allen H. Burrow, late of Maury County, Tennessee, took unto himself a wife, the nineteen-year-old Martha Caroline Terry, he had no way of knowing that he was embarking on the first step toward spawning as wild and as tough a set of brothers as ever would set illegal hands on other people's property.

Allen Burrow was born May 21, 1825, and less than a year later his parents moved to Franklin County, Alabama. They were people of the soil, these Burrows, scratching out the barest living from the earth, struggling always to keep the wolf from the door. Modern writers have corrupted the name to Burrows, but it was Burrow, plain and simple.

In August, 1849, Allen was married to Martha Caroline, a Lamar County girl, five years his junior, and over the course of years, ten children, five boys and a like number of girls, were born to them. John Thomas, the oldest, was a hard working, happy-go-lucky farmer, popular with all, and considered a fine dancer. John homesteaded his own farm near Vernon, the county seat of Lamar. He bore a fine reputation the length and breadth of the county with the exception that, with him, blood was thicker than water, and it was well known that when his younger brothers turned outlaw, he harbored them and helped them in other ways.

The second brother was Jasper, a quiet, taciturn mountain man, said to be of unsound mind. He lived with his father on the home place, and it was said he never showed the slightest interest in anything or anyone, not even himself—a stolid, simple man of the soil.

Little is known of the third brother, but the fourth is well known. He was Reuben Houston Burrow, known to his family and all others as "Rube." Rube was born on the Lamar County farm December 11, 1854, and his early life was no different from those of other boys in that place and time.

It is said that Rube was an active and athletic young man, fleet of foot, a proficient woodsman and hunter, good-humored and merry, but possessed of a fiery and fearless spirit which was never tamed. Rube was a natural leader, and the outlaw bands which he was destined to head, always looked to him for that quality of leadership which, had it taken a legitimate turn, might have lifted him to the heights in any chosen endeavor.

The fifth brother, James Buchanan Burrow, was born in 1858, four years after Rube, and had, like Rube, lots of "hell in his neck." He linked his fortunes with Rube, first in Texas and later in the business of train robbing, and bore no resemblance whatsoever to his illustrious namesake.

Four of the sisters, now lost to history, married Lamar County citizens, and probably their descendants abound there today. Ann Eliza, the youngest sister, was a tall, good looking blonde, extremely popular with the young bucks in the county, but still unmarried at twenty. She was devoted to her brothers, especially Rube, for whom she acted as courier when he and Jim were on the dodge.

None of the Burrows had ever received more than a mere smattering of education. Allen, the father, was himself illiterate. He had served with Roddy's cavalry briefly during the Civil War but had not the makings of a soldier and was promptly mustered out. Even the desperate Confederacy, fighting its lost cause, did not need him.

Allen returned to his farm and settled down, but was arrested in 1876 for moonshining. He escaped, fleeing into the wilderness where he remained in hiding for two years. Finally he made some kind of a deal with the government and returned to home and hearth where he lived openly and lawfully from that time on, except for aiding Rube and Jim all he could.

Martha Caroline, the mother of the ten Burrow children, was an oddity, claiming to have a peculiar and hereditary gift of healing by faith, and did quite well for herself in the superstitious backwoods of northern Alabama, removing warts and tumors, it is said, by incantation. A Captain Pennington, prominent resident and tax collector of the county, attested to two such miraculous healings in his own family.

WITH no more to look forward to than that, Rube drifted west in 1872—west to Texas where he became a good cowboy, an excellent horseman, and withal, a plain and fancy pistolman as well. Rube never "left home" as his simple, misspelled letters were received frequently by his family, ofttimes containing small sums of money with directions as to how the money should be spent.

In a letter from Erath County, Texas, dated March 10, 1887, he wrote his father and mother that Elizabeth, Jim's wife, had given birth to a boy on February 28th. He jokingly asked his father to "pick mee out one of the prityest widows in ala." He also asked that his "pah" buy "analyzer" (Ann Eliza) a gold ring, adding "it wont cost more than $4."

Rube and Jim had a little place in Texas where "wee will plant corn too morrow. Mee and james Will plant 35 acreys in corn. Wee wont plant Eny cotton. Wee have a feW Oats sode and millet."

But to augment his income, he, like all Texas cowboys, rounded up a few mavericks and sold them. Contrary to the belief held by some writers, Rube Burrow never was associated with Sam Bass, although undoubtedly he had heard of him, and conceivably the rollicking career of the "man from Indiana" may have influenced him. Rube never held up a train until December 1, 1886, when a Fort Worth and Denver flyer yielded $300 (not $3,000 as is generally reported) and a number of Army revolvers removed from the persons of a troop of colored soldiers on the train. Involved in that holdup were Rube, Jim, Henderson Bromley and Nep Thornton.

That was still in the future, however, when Rube was trying to get the oats he had "sode" to poke up through the ground. In 1876 he married Miss Virginia Alvison of Wise County, Texas. Two children, the elder a boy, were born to them, but Virginia died in 1880, and the children were sent to Alabama to be reared by their grandparents.

In 1884 Rube married again, this time to Miss Adeline Hoover of Erath County. He tried the good life for two long, heartbreaking years, but the lure of easy money took him farther and farther down

(Continued on page 54)

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Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 35)

We decided that Bulldog Red, the whiskey runner, had cached the stuff in our cabin knowing that the Mounties would not search our premises. I guess Bulldog didn't expect us back so soon.

All the old bushrats in that part of the country came to see us at intervals but there was lots of the stuff left.

THEN ONE afternoon Neetah, Old Sam's granddaughter, came paddling by. For some reason she upset her dugout canoe and we took her up to the cabin and dressed her in dry clothes. In her wet clothes we happened to find a poke of gold dust. Now we became interested, but Neetah was loyal to her grandfather.

Shorty and I loaded up our canoe with hooch and went to Sam's place at the head of the lake. We got Sam roaring drunk and he told us he had found the gold up on Babine Lake. We got a detailed description of the place, and we lit out. But after two months up there we found no gold.

Then it struck us about the fox trapper, since Shorty was often referred to by the Siawashes as "a sharp old fox."

We lost no time in getting home, but all the hooch was gone. Later we received a visit from Bulldog Red; he was friendly because he had been in a jam with the Mounties for getting the Indians drunk. The Mounties had found out about the hooch and an investigation was started. When I think of it, I still get sick.

It seemed that Bulldog Red bought the stuff from Wild Horse Joe, an ex-American soldier who had served in Siberia. Wild Horse Joe had met up with some Tartars who taught him to make whiskey out of mares' milk. This Wild Horse did in Central British Columbia, milking the local cayuses. Then he furnished Bulldog with quantities of this horse hooch to trade to the Indians.

I wouldn't have cared except I'd been drinking the stuff. I like horses and I like whiskey, but the combination of the two still sends shivers through my stomach.

"OUR BODIES WILL ARRIVE"

by Norman B. Wiltsey

BACK in Tombstone, in the late 1880's and early 1890's, it warn't all gunfightin', stagecoach robbin' and such uncivilized doin's, despite what you see in the movies and on TV today. Sure, there were plenty of hardcases around, but they cracked more practical jokes than they did stagecoach strongboxes. Some of the jokes they pulled off were pretty humorous, and got written up in the *Nugget* or the *Epitaph* along with the latest doin's of the lawmen and the Wild Bunch. Fact is, the feller who worked up the slickest joke of all was Burt Alvord, who later got hisself gravely involved in such pastimes as train robbin' and murder.

Came about this way:

Burt and his *bueno compadre*, Matt Burts, went over to Bisbee one day in 1890 to buck the tiger at the gambling tables, test the Bisbee whiskey and try out the girls in the red-light district. After hittin' the saloons and gamblin' joints all one fast and furious night, pore ol' Matt wanted to go back to their hotel and sleep it off.

"I feel turrible," groaned Matt as the boys were eatin' breakfast composed mostly of black coffee laced with red-eye. "Matter of fact, I feel jest like a grizzly bear had walked up one side of me and down the other. I feel . . ."

"The hell with how you feel!" bawled Burt. "We still got money, ain't we? So we gotta spend it havin' fun."

"*You* spend it," replied Matt. "Me—I've had all the fun I can stand for a month. I'm goin' back to the hotel and *sleep*."

So, leavin' Matt snorin' in his hotel bed, Burt strolled down the street to the telegraph office. There, after much chewin' of a pencil stub, he produced this message:

To the Editor of the Tombstone Epitaph: Bodies of Burts and Alvord will arrive this afternoon.

That's all—no signature, no details! Laughin' like a fool, Alvord moseyed back to the hotel to roust pore Matt out of his bed and catch the early morning stage for Tombstone.

Soon after the wire arrived at the *Epitaph* office the news spread all over town that Burt Alvord and Matt Burts had got theirselves killed in a gunfight in Bisbee, and that their bodies would come in on the evenin' stage.

Well, sir, for all that Alvord was a tough gunslinger and Matt Burts warn't much account hisself, it was a sad company on hand to meet the stage. The *Epitaph* had sent a reporter to cover the story, and the boys' Mexican sweethearts and most of the barflies in town were there. The girls were cryin' and carryin' on somethin' awful, and even some of the men got a mite teary-eyed when they remembered how generous Burt was about settin' up the drinks whenever he had money.

The coach rolled up to the stage platform at the O.K. Corral, and the passengers got out, but there was no sign of any corpses aboard. Suddenly there was a burst of whoopin' and yellin' inside the coach, and Burt Alvord and Matt Burts stepped out as lively and gay as you please.

"Here we are, *querida mia*, bodies and all!" bellered Burt, givin' his girl a mighty smack.

The barflies cheered, hopin' that Burt had some money left for the drinks, and the *Epitaph* man went back to the newspaper office plumb boilin'.

Next morning the *Epitaph* came out with a sarcastic story on the two jokers that ended with the words: "Probably when Gabriel blows his horn they will be old enough to quit acting like boys."

"Looks like them two varmints give us the slip again."

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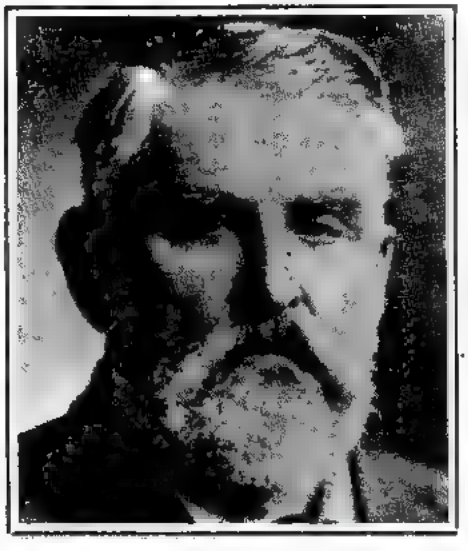
The first sod house in Sod Town, a village of sod buildings being built by V. A. Kear on U. S. Highway 24, two miles east of Colby, Kansas, as a memorial museum to honor the pioneers of the West.

Ask TRUE WEST

Question: Was George A. Custer ever court-martialed?—C. Bacon, Falls Church, Virginia.
Answer: Custer got in 'hot water' several times. The most serious trouble occurred at Fort Harker, summer of 1867, when he was tried and found guilty of leaving his post without permission, excessive cruelty in shooting deserters, and of willfully abandoning two of his troopers to the Indians near Downer's Station. He drew a year's suspension—a very light sentence for so grave a charge.

Question: I have heard that Charles Goodnight crossed range cattle with the buffalo. If so, were they ever put on the market?—Ben Calavo, San Francisco, California.
Answer: Goodnight extensively bred a cross of three-fourths Angus and one-fourth buffalo which were fertile and had many superior points over other range stock. He called the progeny "catalo"; however the high ratio of abortion and terrific expense involved forced Goodnight to give up.

Charles Goodnight



Question: What was the meaning of the Indian's totem pole?—Leroy Watson, Troy, Ohio.
Answer: The hand carved Totem, often rising to a height of seventy feet, was erected as a memorial to the dead, to perpetuate family and tribal records, legends and history. Longfellow gives us the gist:

"And they painted on the grave-posts
Each his own ancestral totem,
Each the symbol of his household;
Figures of the bear and reindeer
Of the turtle, crane and beaver,
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed."

Question: When and where was the first claim filed in the West under the Homestead Act of 1862?—Kyle Winters, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.
Answer: The first claim was filed on January 1, 1863, by Daniel Freeman, a Union soldier on leave, at a Land Office in or near what is now Nebraska City, Nebraska. The stipulation was five years settlement; the consideration was 25c per acre. Although it was a holiday, the office was opened for five minutes for Freeman to file, it being deemed proper for a fighting soldier to be the first to claim.

Question: I am interested in the Pony Express and would like to know if there are any of the stations still standing?—Dave Standifer, Seattle, Washington.
Answer: The Pony Express station at Hanover, Kansas, is still standing, is authentic, and thousands of visitors see it each year.

Question: Would you please publish a picture of a real sod house?—Polly Hill, Merced, California.
Answer: Herewith is the real McCoy, built by V. A. Kear of Colby, Kansas.

Question: How many times was Cole Younger wounded during his career?—"Shorty," Los Angeles, California.
Answer: Homer Croy says by Younger's own count, "over a dozen." Robertus Love in his book *The Rise and Fall of Jesse James* states that Younger was hit twenty-six times and that he took seventeen bullets to his grave which were embedded in his body and never removed.
(Continued on page 61)

Coleman Younger

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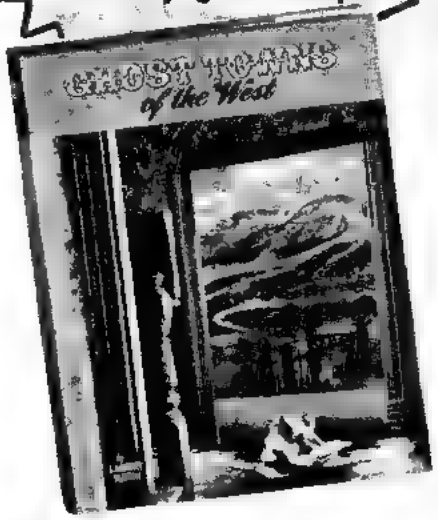

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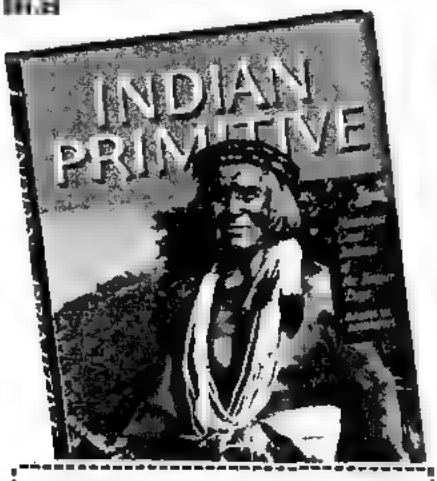

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The Scourge of El Dorado

(Continued from page 10)

in a house in what is now Wilmington. He got a job and they were married.

Meanwhile, when Pedro failed to return, Murietta sent Juan Borilda, one of his best knifemen, to Los Angeles to investigate. Borilda ended up in an alley, his throat slit from ear to ear.

Vergara ended up badly also; a few years later he was shot to death in Yuma.

Pedro Daniel, to whom Antonia had turned cold, wandered around California aimlessly, afraid to return to Murietta's gang where he most certainly would have been killed, and fearful of California officers who were looking for him on a murder charge. There was a $1,500 reward posted for him which made every appearance a risk. Finally he was captured at San José and a few days later a mob raided the Los Angeles jail where he was being held and strung him up.

During this period so many crimes of violence were charged to Murietta and his men that it has been difficult over the years for historians to lay the blame for all of them at the bandit's feet. At a time when crime was rampant, it was easy to point a finger at Murietta. Many killers no doubt took advantage of this fact, knowing that the Mexican would be accused.

One evening a group of men in the El Dorado Saloon at Mokelumne Hill were carousing when the subject of Murietta came up.

"Why, that yellow cur," said one. "He's no shucks. Ya know what I'd do if I met up with him? I'd kill him like I'd kill any rattlesnake."

"Yeah," said another, "I'd nail him with the first shot. Ain't no Mex who'd scare me."

A sudden movement back of the group caused them to turn and look. A young Mexican in full regalia had leaped upon a table, his fists full of six-shooters.

"Gentlemen, I am Joaquin Murietta. Now what was that you were saying about me?"

The saloon noises ceased abruptly as every breath was held. The men at the bar remained silent.

"All right, you there," Murietta said, singling out the two braggarts at the bar. "Which one of you said he'd kill me like he'd kill a rattlesnake? Speak up, gentlemen. This is the time of truth."

The first loudmouth placed both hands on the bar. "We was just joshin', Mr. Murietta. No harm meant atall. We just got through sayin' what a nice feller you are."

"Shore we did," the other volunteered. "We just got through sayin' some mighty nice things about you, like he says."

Murietta was unmoved. "Are you telling me my ears deceived me?"

"They sure must of, Mr. Murietta."

"If we said anything wrong, Mr. Murietta, we sure enough apologize. No harm meant."

"Very well," said the bandit, "I accept your apology." He stepped down and backed out of the saloon. It was exploits such as this that endeared Murietta to the Mexicans, who thought he could do no wrong.

MURIETTA'S outlaws invaded the Santa Clara Valley, spreading terror through all the prosperous regions south of San Francisco. They pillaged ranches, ran off stock and robbed travelers on the highways. Murietta had the audacity to set up temporary headquarters in San

California State Library
Deputy Sheriff John Love

José, from which he directed all the raids. Deputy Sheriff Bob Clark of San José discovered this and began recruiting a force to raid the gang's hangout. One night Clark walked into a brightly-lighted dancehall where he thought some of the Murietta gang were celebrating their latest raid. The deputy was a stranger to the gang, or thought he was, at least, and believed he would be able to spy upon them unnoticed. However, he carried two guns on his hip, which was a dead giveaway that he was expecting trouble.

Suddenly a woman screamed and the music ceased. Clark spotted the trouble. A young Mexican with a knife in his hand had backed a young girl up to the wall and was holding the blade against her breast.

Seizing the young man's wrist, Clark disarmed him and told him he was under arrest. The officer was somewhat surprised by the meek way the young man went with him to jail.

The next day the judge fined the prisoner $12.00, which he didn't have with him. "If the deputy here will take me to my home I will get the money and pay the fine," the young man told the court.

The officer and the prisoner set off together. A little way out of town the prisoner halted. "This is far enough," he said, and drew a dagger which he pointed at the deputy's throat. "Give me your gun, amigo. I am going to kill you. You see I did not want to make a fuss there in the dancehall. I am Joaquin Murietta and this is the end of the road for you."

It was. The deputy died an hour later from knife wounds, living just long enough to identify his assassin.

Murietta's next move, in company with Three Fingered Jack, was a raid on a two-masted schooner bound down the Sacramento River to San Francisco. They boarded the schooner, stayed with it until it was around the bend, then shot six men to death and took $20,000 in gold nuggets from the hold. They were met by two of the gang in a rowboat and taken ashore in a wooded section through which they made their way to safety.

A reward of $5,000 was offered for Murietta dead or alive and posses scoured the country, but with no success.

The next morning the reward notice had been posted in Stockton on the public square. About thirty people gathered to read it. A swarthy Mexican in bright

serape and with a feather in his hat rode up on a fine horse. Apparently he could not read the notice from the saddle and got down to step closer. No one paid him much attention until he pulled a pencil from his pocket and wrote something on the bottom of the notice. He turned, mounted his horse and rode off at a gallop.

When those standing around went to see what the Mexican had written, a loud cry went up. He had scribbled in English:

I will add $10,000 to this reward. Joaquin Murietta

The daring of the man stunned the crowd. When a posse rode out, the trail vanished in the bottomlands. Whether it was as a disguise or because Joaquin thought he looked better with longer hair, he let his black locks grow until they touched his shoulders. Twenty-three years old, he retained the freshness of youth so that at times he looked like a boy in his teens.

As time went on, Murietta's exploits became more spectacular. One afternoon Jim Boyce, one of about twenty miners working a sandbar, came back from an errand to join his fellow workers and saw a handsome young Mexican sitting on his horse and discussing matters of general interest. Boyce took one look at the man and yelled, "That's Murietta!"

"Hello, Boyce!" Murietta greeted him. "I haven't seen you since Mill Flat days. How have you been?"

Boyce drew his revolver and fired. Murietta suddenly spurred his horse and took off as others joined Boyce in an effort to halt him with bullets.

The mistake Boyce and the other miners made was to organize a posse and start in pursuit. In the posse, including Boyce, were twenty-four men.

Murietta, quickly joining his gang, arranged an ambush and when the posse ran into it, twenty-three men were mowed down like wheat. Those not killed instantly were dispatched with knives. Only Boyce got away by riding for his life. The Murietta gang was richer after the massacre by about $30,000 taken from the slain miners.

In two weeks following this slaughter, seventeen miners were ambushed and murdered along the Feather River, all by Murietta and his gang.

With so many posses closing in on him, Murietta moved his headquarters to a Mexican mining village near San Andreas where he was most welcome. The Mexicans there turned out in force to greet the bandits. For the next several weeks Murietta conducted a campaign of pillage and murder that was one of the bloodiest in Western history. White men were robbed and murdered on the highways; Chinese by the dozens were slaughtered in their camps. Citizens of the region dared not go armed as a means of self-defense for fear that the mere possession of arms would aggravate the bandit.

Something had to be done to stop Murietta's mad campaign of murder. Mass meetings were held throughout the region. Deputy Sheriff Charles H. Ellis of San Andreas took to the trails with thirty men while Under-Sheriff Charles A. Clark and thirty-eight men set out from Mokelumne Hill. Murphy's Diggings and Angel's Camp also raised posses and joined in the search. The whole country was suddenly up in arms.

THE first contact with Murietta's men was made by Ellis and his posse at

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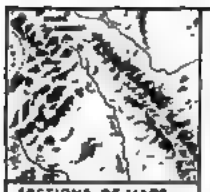

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Chaparral Hill when the posse was jumped by the Mexicans striking from ambush. In a running fight, the posse was driven off, but without the loss of a single man, while Murietta lost four. The next day at the Phoenix quartz mill, near the Mexican camp, Murietta and Three Fingered Jack jumped Peter Woodcock and another man who served as caretaker at the mill.

The caretaker was killed with a bullet and Woodcock met death at the hands of Three Fingered Jack. The uneven fight was witnessed by a miner watching from a hillside. He reported it to Ellis who summoned his posse and quickly went to the mill. He followed the Mexicans to Winter's Bar where they had ferried over the Stanislaus River. Here they had been attacked by a posse from downriver and driven off with the capture of one member of the gang, Juan Sanchez, who was hanged on the spot.

Another member of the Murietta forces, Ramón Blanco, was captured when his horse fell and broke a leg. He, too, was hanged on the spot.

Appalled by the loss of so many men, Murietta struck back at San Andreas, pulling off an attack so foolhardy it took the citizens by surprise. The bandit chief rode alone at a gallop from one end of the main street to the other firing at everyone in sight. His bullets killed three Americans whom he did not know and whom he had never seen before.

Of this spectacular raid the *Alta Californian* reported on its front page:

"On Thursday Joaquin rode through San Andreas at a gallop and shot three Americans as he passed along the street. Joaquin is a young man and must be one of the best shots with a revolver in this or any other country, as all three men were shot through the neck."

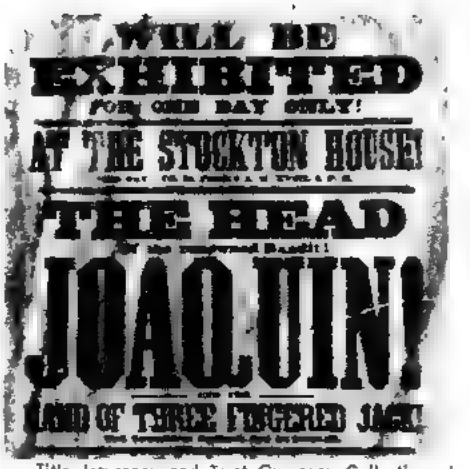
The next day a posse shot the horse from under one of Murietta's gang, listed in the records only as Claudio, and captured him. He was taken to Yaqui Camp to be hanged but while standing under a live oak tree waiting for the rope to be put around his neck, he turned his face eastward. "You will never hang me," he said in Spanish. "Here they come now!"

Upon seeing Murietta and about a dozen of his men approaching at a gallop, with guns drawn, the hanging party broke up quickly and fled, each man for himself. Three were killed by Murietta as he rode after them.

Ellis quickly organized his party and pursued Murietta. They came upon one of his gang, Pedro López, in Yaqui Camp and hanged him, but the others got away.

Deputy Sheriff John Prescott of Hornitos, was tipped off by a friendly Mexican that Murietta and five members of his gang were sleeping in an adobe shack at the edge of town. An hour later a dozen men crashed open the door to find five shadowy forms wrapped in blankets. Murietta, who seemed to bear a charmed life, was fired at point-blank by Prescott but the slugs did not touch him. He leaped to his feet and seriously wounded Prescott and another member of the posse. He killed another as he dashed through the rear door to make a clean getaway along with his companions, none of whom had been hit.

After that, Murietta disappeared from the mining country and next turned up in San Luis Obispo where all but five residents were Mexicans. Here he enjoyed the plaudits of his countrymen and was comparatively safe until a large posse of Americans camped some fifteen



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This photo of an old poster advertising Murietta's head was taken in Pleasanton, California, about 1855.

miles away.

Moving his men carefully during the night, Murietta placed them in strategic positions for an ambush and at daybreak the Americans found themselves sitting ducks for the Mexican sharpshooters.

The Americans sought shelter behind rocks and returned the fire. Most of the posse members were excellent shots and knew how to protect themselves in a fight. For two hours the battle raged, then Murietta maneuvered some of his men into position and stampeded the Americans' horses, after which he and his men turned tail and ran.

Eleven possemen and nine outlaws had been slain in the battle, which was a greater loss to Murietta than to the Americans for his band was gradually being whittled down to size. The Americans buried their dead and walked back to the nearest settlement.

After this fight Murietta became a shadowy figure in California. With his mob depleted, he was more careful. His next raid of any consequence was on a Chinese camp near Jackson early in 1853. Five Oriental miners were slain and $7,000 in gold dust stolen. Captured by a posse, Antonio Valenci, one of Murietta's lieutenants, was hanged. Time was running out on Murietta now. The forces of evil were slowly but surely being throttled by the forces of law and order, though it must be admitted that the law had taken some shortcuts without benefit of jury.

ONE DAY in late August of 1853, Deputy Sheriff Love of Los Angeles County was out looking for horse thieves when he came upon the fresh trail of two of Murietta's gang, Pedro Gonzales and Juan Cardoza, who had just left a saloon after stopping for refreshments. The fact that the two were among the worst cutthroats in Murietta's band did not trouble Love, who set out on their trail.

Following the pair to another tavern, Love spotted their horses outside and concealed himself nearby. As they emerged, he ordered the pair to throw up their hands. Gonzales was nearest to Love and knew he dared not disobey, but Cardoza wheeled and made a run for it. Love fired and a bullet from his gun knocked off Cardoza's hat. Love knew that if he chased Cardoza, Gonzales would get away, so he kept the latter covered.

Knowing full well that Cardoza would

get word to Murietta and an attempt would be made to rescue Gonzales, he started quickly for Los Angeles. With his prisoner riding in front of him, Love pushed ahead as fast as he could but Gonzales kept pulling his mount down from a lope to a trot, or from a trot to a walk, doing all he could to delay the journey.

"If you insist on delaying us," Love said, "and Murietta catches up with us, I'll kill you before I make a run for it, so you'd better keep going."

"What's the difference?" Gonzales said. "I'd as soon be shot as hanged."

In the middle of the afternoon Love looked back over his shoulder and saw six horsemen approaching at a gallop. He recognized the leader as Murietta. Without wasting any time, the deputy drew his gun and shot Gonzales, then took off, the Mexicans closing in fast.

All the way through the San Fernando Valley Murietta and his men pounded along after Love, sometimes gaining, sometimes losing ground, until finally, his horse ready to drop, he reached San Gabriel where the outlaws turned back It was a close call. Bullets had whizzed past Love's ears as the miles reeled off, but he had not been hit.

Deputy Sheriff Bob Wilson of Santa Barbara was one of those most dedicated to ridding California of Murietta. He was a brave deputy but talked a little too much. "When I find Murietta, that will be the end of him," he had said one day, and then it happened.

Wilson was standing in front of the Bella Union on the Los Angeles Plaza talking with a friend when a solitary horseman rode up and halted in front of Wilson. "I understand you're looking for me?"

The deputy looked up to behold a young Mexican he had never seen before.

"Who are you?"

"Joaquin Murietta."

"Yes, I'm looking for you."

Wilson went for his gun but his draw was slow compared to that of the bandit. He died there on the street with a bullet between the eyes.

In May of 1853 Governor John Bigler had offered a reward of $1,000 for Murietta, dead or alive. This brought the standing rewards for the bandit to more than $7,000. Meanwhile the California Rangers had been formed and Deputy Sheriff John Love put in charge, with the rank of captain. Consisting of seventeen members in addition to Love, it was eventually to become known as Love's Posse.

Hearing that Murietta was in the vicinity of Hornitos, the Rangers went there first, but the band had departed for Arroyo Cantova where Murietta planned to reinforce his organization to about thirty men to meet the challenge of the Rangers. Love did not know the band's destination, however, and had to rely upon information he picked up along the way, which was not hard to come by for Murietta's men had raided and robbed in the grand manner.

While halted at San Juan Bautista, a young Mexican woman came to the Rangers' camp and asked to see Captain Love. Her face was partly concealed behind a rebosa but everyone could see that she was quite young and attractive. Love had her brought before him.

"I have no name for you," she said, "but I have important information. Joaquin Murietta has sworn to kill me. For why, I can not tell you, but I can tell you where he is. Ride down Priest's Valley until you reach the San Joaquin,

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then turn south. The Arroyo Cantova is his hiding place."

Suspecting a trick, Love wanted more information. Why was she betraying the Mexicans, since she herself was a Mexican?

"Is it so strange to betray an enemy? If someone does not kill Joaquin he will kill me."

There was but one entrance to Arroyo Cantova, through the tortuous canyon opening into the San Joaquin Valley, and Love decided to charge through it swiftly in the hope of taking Murietta by surprise.

The next morning the Rangers went streaking in but the surprise was theirs, not Murietta's, for they encountered a force of seventy men who stood about, rifles in the hands, making no hostile move, but ready for action.

With only seventeen men at his back, Love bluffed it out. He said he was looking for stolen horses. The Mexicans standing around denied they had any.

"We'll see," Love said. He and his men rode among the Mexicans' horses and singled out half a dozen that bore American brands. These they led away quite nonchalantly. "We're taking them to San Juan," Love told some of the Mexicans. "If you can prove ownership, you'll find them there."

The Americans rode off, never turning to look back, not knowing what moment bullets would start flying. But no shots were fired. Love had seen no sign of Murietta in the camp and because of the size of the force he began to suspect that his pretty informant had been a tool of Murietta. He did not learn until the next day that she was Antonia Molinera of San José, Murietta's girl friend who had betrayed him before.

Love suspected then, and rightly so, that the seventy Mexicans had been horse thieves and had nothing whatever to do with Murietta. By the next morning the seventy Mexicans had disappeared and Love sent out scouts to find Murietta, whom Antonia still insisted was in the neighborhood.

On July 25, the Rangers pulled out at three in the morning and rode to the rim of the hills overlooking Arroyo Cantova.

As dawn broke they sighted a column of smoke rising from a group of cottonwoods. Whether this was the camp of the horse thieves or of Murietta, there was no way to tell. Making their way to within 200 yards of the spot, they drew their weapons and charged in, not knowing what they would find. They surprised seven Mexicans assembled about a camp fire preparing breakfast. No one made a hostile move.

"Who's in charge here?" Love asked.

A swarthy young Mexican with a broadcloth serape drawn about his shoulders stood up. "Buenas dias, señor! I am in charge here." He moved closer to a brace of silver-mounted six-shooters reposing on a blanket.

"Stop where you are!" Love commanded. "Move another step and I'll kill you." Love knew, in spite of the young man's changed appearance, that he was Joaquin Murietta!

Murietta backed up a few steps and rested one hand over his horse which stood with its reins on the ground.

"Watch him, Henderson," Love said to one of his men and Henderson brought the muzzle of a shotgun around so that it pointed at the bandit.

Suddenly Murietta leaped for the back of his horse. Love fired but missed. The bandit went racing away along the banks of Cantova Creek. The other Mexicans at the same time broke for the brush on foot. Henderson fired with his shotgun but the charge went wild. One of the seven, Three Fingered Jack, fleeing on foot, took to the thick brush. Two Rangers, Byrnes and White, took out after Murietta. Two of the fugitives, finding a Ranger at their heels, threw up their hands and surrendered.

Three Fingered Jack elected to go it alone, with three Rangers bearing down upon him. He turned and fired four times, knocking down the horses of all three Rangers. On foot the unhorsed Rangers continued the chase, now joined by Love who still was mounted.

Catching up with the bandit, Love ordered him to halt, but he plunged on. The Ranger captain fired twice, one bullet entering Three Fingered Jack's skull and killing him instantly.

The chase then converged on Murietta, the biggest prize of all, who was fleeing for his life over some rough ground along the stream.

Murietta came suddenly to a high embankment. Too late to turn back, he spurred his mount and the animal shot out into the air like a catapult. Fifteen feet out and some ten feet down, the animal landed on all fours but stumbled, sending Murietta tumbling over its head. Although close on the heels of their quarry, the Rangers refused to make the jump and cut around the obstacle.

Murietta quickly remounted and continued his flight. But his horse had been injured by the fall and was not fast enough now to outdistance the Rangers.

Another hundred yards and Murietta's horse went down from a bullet in its side. The bandit leaped clear and tried to make it on foot but there were too many Rangers shooting at him. Riddled with buckshot and bullets he finally went down to stay.

As Love rode up and dismounted, Murietta said to him in Spanish, "Shoot no more, my friend, I am finished. Ya estoy muerto." And he was.

Los Angeles, California, in the early 1850's.

Title Insurance and Trust Company Collection of Historical Photographs

Memories of the Horse Age

(Continued from page 13)

River or to a summer camp meeting.

Another strayed animal brought in by Papa was a bay mare. She was exceedingly active and was appropriated by my brother Elrich. If her rider held his hand out so she could see it and pointed his thumb down, she would kick up all over the place and run without pitching much.

Another mare we had was a sorrel hardly more than thirteen hands high called Maudie. She was named after the famous race mare "Maud S." Mares might be all right on the ranch but riding them in public wasn't done. No ranchman or ranch boy or cowboy of lower Texas at that time wanted to ride anything but a gelding or maybe now and then a stallion. Our brood mares were never broken to ride.

We had a very gentle stallion named Dandy. He was a thoroughbred. In spring he was a bright black but his hair got rusty the rest of the year. Papa bought his from my mother's half-brother Ed Dubose, who was a racehorse fancier. He was a buggy horse and was pampered with corn during the winter. One time somebody saw my youngest brother Henry in Dandy's stall. Dandy was eating and occasionally stomping off the red ants, very abundant around the stable. He seemed to know that Henry was in danger. Henry was just a toddler. Dandy put a hind hoof against Henry's chest and shoved him out of the stall. One of us usually rode Dandy in the early morning to get up the saddle horses. He liked to shine in public. One time when I rode him to the village of Lagarto, which no longer exists, for the semi-weekly mail, I touched the spurs to him and entered town, if you could call it a town, in a dead run. He wasn't a stumbler but his hoofs had been allowed to grow too long and he hit a ridge or a rock in the road. When he fell I fell off of him and skinned my chin up considerably.

We had a pair of bay buggy horses named Snip and Snap. It took them a long summer's day to get to Beeville, for miles of the road were through heavy sand and once in a while the buggy would stop under a shade tree for Snip and Snap to pant. About a mile and a half from our house the road forked to the east of Beeville, twenty-seven miles away. The north prong went on twenty-five miles to Oakville. As the oldest of the family, it was my privilege sometimes to go with Papa to open the gates I remember one morning it was still not daylight when we got to the forks of the road. Just a few steps beyond the forks was a gate going into the big Shipp pasture. Before they got to the gate just at the forks of the road, Snip and Snap stopped and in unison heaved a deep, deep sigh that seemed to express what later I learned was the popular translation of the initials for a railroad H E and W T—Hell Either Way You Take It. The year the family got a new hack and new harness Snip and Snap anapped up fifty per cent in their conduct. They were just as proud of that new hack and new harness as anybody riding behind them could be.

TWO classics of my boyhood were *Beautiful Joe*, for whom we named a black dog, and *Black Beauty*. We didn't have a horse named Black Beauty but when Old Baldy, a black, died, we children carried on over him as if he'd been Black Beauty. About two years ago I

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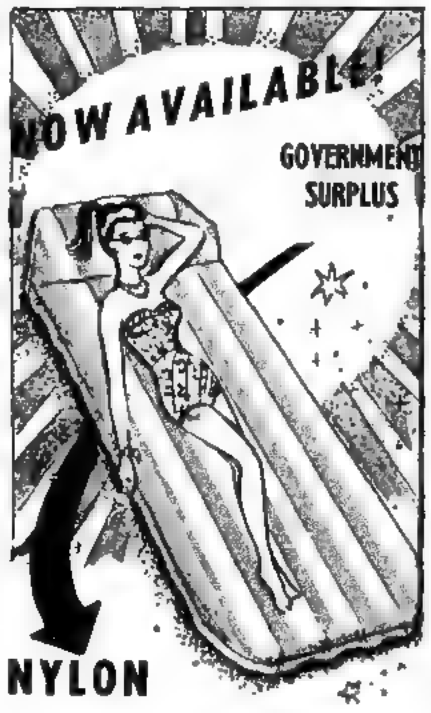

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bought a copy of *Black Beauty*, thinking I'd like to reread it. As soon as I read a few paragraphs I closed the book. It was meant for soft and sentimental youth, not for realistic age. I haven't changed my attitude, however, on the horses I knew as a boy. I used to think that when I got to be a writing man I'd write a long story about a cow horse that after growing too old to run in the brush was sold to a trader to take East and dispose of as a plow horse. That was the end of many ranch horses—cow horses. Maybe a majority of ranchmen kept a favorite horse and let him run out until he died but the mass of worn-out horses were sold to end up in harness—as old horses now go for dog feed

The man who broke our horses—only two or three a year—was named Jose and he was from Valena. He was thick-set, heavy, swart in complexion and pock-marked. He would lead a three- or four-year old potro off and be gone a month maybe and ride him back leading his own horse. The standard pay for breaking a horse was $2.50. A beautiful young bay of mine that Jose took to break got killed in the procedure. A spirited horse loses his head in struggles for liberty and easily cripples himself or even kills himself. The instinct for self-preservation seems stronger in mules.

We had a pair branded TOL on the left hip and thigh, bought at $50 apiece from Mr. Tol McNeill, whose ranch joined ours on the west. One of the mules was a mare named Maggie, and the other was named Tol. I've ridden many airplanes, but the fastest ride I ever made was in an empty wagon with which Maggie and Tol ran away. They didn't run into a wire fence; they didn't run into a tree; they didn't seem excited when the run was over, but an empty wagon bouncing at full mule-speed over trails, bushes, gullies, and prickly pear will give an exciting sense of motion.

WE FARMED a field in Long Hollow Valley down in front of the house, raising corn, kershaws, watermelons, canteloupes. I was always wanting to plow. As a very small boy I and the blackbirds followed a turning plow together, but all they were after was earthworms and grubs—my ambition was realized one time when Papa was gone. I hitched up a bay horse with a white one—a salt-and-pepper-colored horse—to a turning plow—a walking plow, of course, which was already in the field. After I had made two or three rounds I noticed a wild mare and some other horses in mesquite brush over the fence on the back side of the field. After turning my team toward the house I left the plow point in the ground, wrapped the reins around the handle and then went back to the fence to enjoy looking at the horses outside.

When the wild mare saw me she plunged away, the other horses with her, making a loud sound. The plow horses had blind bridles on and when they heard the other horses pounding the ground, they started running the way they were headed. The plow point would jerk out of the earth and go up as high as the traces would let it go and come down either flat or pitched into the ground and then jerk up again. The farther the horses went, the faster they got until they hit the barbed wire fence. That didn't stop them. They tore part of it down and cut their breasts severely. Barbed wire will saw into the flesh of an animal as effectively as a saw itself. The runaways didn't stop until they were in the pen, trembling and as gory as a stuck pig. There wasn't a man on the place. Mama told me to get on Dandy and ride for Cousin Dick Dobie, whose ranch was something over a mile away. He came and sewed up the wounds in the horses. The cuts healed without blow flies bothering the horses.

If Maggie and Tol had been hitched to that plow and had tried running away, they would have stopped when they got to the wire fence.

One time on a long pack trip in the western Sierra Madre of Mexico a mule that Bertha Dobie was riding refused to jump a deep narrow cut in the ground that my mule had jumped, although I wasn't on her at the moment. After Bertha had used all her whipping power, which isn't very severe, her mule still would not try to jump the break. Bertha got down and I tried to lead the mule over. The mule got parallel with the ditch and then fell down into it. She knew all the time that she couldn't jump it. She fell upright. She put her nose around to the saddlegirth as if to say, "Take this off and leave me free." When the saddle was removed, she collected her nerve and her wits and then gave one magnificent jump and scrambled out. The gully was almost up to her back. The average horse in that predicament would have gone half crazy if not wholly crazy and would have lunged and lunged, maybe hurting himself, all the while hindering anybody from helping him.

The kind of story I wanted to write was published in 1912 by John Galsworthy in his book, *Quality Street*. What he wrote isn't a story; it's a sketch (entitled "Evolution") of a fading-out London cabman and the cabman's horse as they are being displaced by taxicabs. The cabman here talks of his horse

I would protest to Papa against selling off any horse. I had no idea that the grass eaten by a turned-out horse would in a steer or cow contribute to the rearing of six children. The tragedy of ceasing to be a cow horse running free and becoming a clodhopper was in my mind. Sometimes it depressed my spirits. My father had an answer summed up in these words: "Never marry a horse."

Eighteen Months of Glory

(Continued from page 21)

ceived a "good press" and later performed in the East and Europe as a showman. Cody, however, earned all of his clippings. What reader could help thrilling to the story of a slim lad of fourteen who boldly applied for one of these hazardous jobs! The wonder was that he was ever hired. But employed he was, and quite shortly he wrote his name into the western annals with an endurance run of 322 miles without a single stop. Horses faded under him, but the rider and his mail pouch kept going.

Another time Cody faced capture by fifteen mounted Sioux and simply outrode their spears and arrows in a twenty-four mile chase.

Cody's endurance record wiped from the books an incredible feat by Bob Haslam, a youngster himself. Haslam finished his stint through the Sierra Nevadas to find his relief rider suddenly and desperately ill. He just added the next trick to his, pounding across 185 miles of desert country infested by warlike Utes. He slept briefly at the end of this grueling ride, then started back over the same country with the incoming mail. He

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This was a Pony Express station on the Nevada desert.

reached a midway station to find the place a smoldering mass, the station-master scalped and all horses gone. He prodded his tired mount the rest of the way and delivered the mail only three hours late.

The mustangs shared the glory of their riders. A pinto pony had its rider ambushed and killed by Indians, but broke away from its captors and galloped on to the next station with the mail sack safe.

Such individual feats were repeated every day. In the eighteen months of its precarious existence, the Pony Express carried 30,000 pieces of mail and lost only one pouch. Its riders covered 650,000 miles. Only one was ever killed.

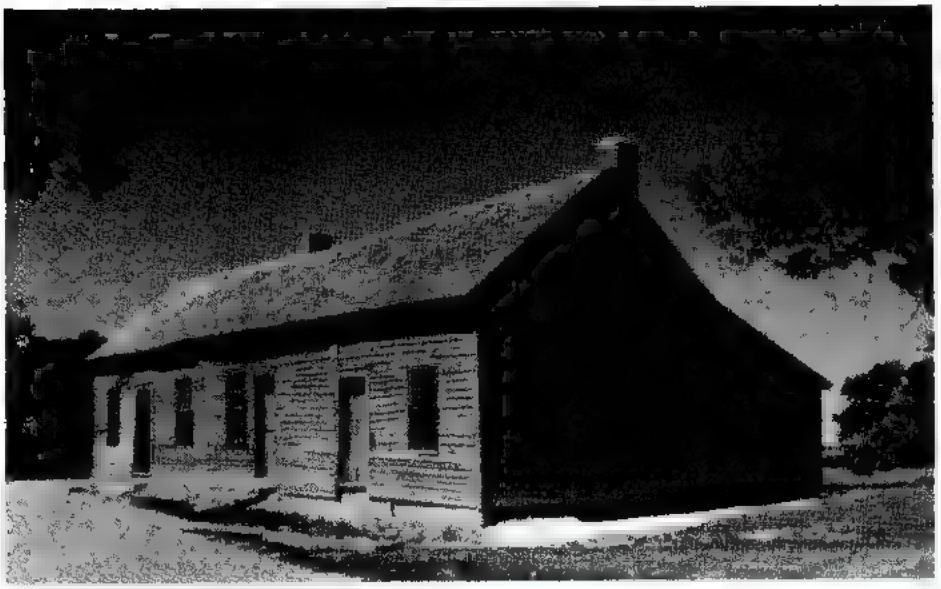
And here, if you please, were heroes who could be lauded from the pulpits. Most of the riders were young, boys in their late teens or early twenties. Their employers required that none of them employ profane language at any time, drink intoxicating liquors or be involved in a quarrel or brawl. Every rider was presented with a small Bible which he was expected to carry in his saddlebags or on his person. Yet these paragons of personal virtue walked the streets of western boom towns as heroes, too.

NO GOVERNMENT subsidy backed the promoters of this shuttle relay. The firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell planned and operated the entire service There was never any variance in the itinerary, and the townships who have claimed identification with this historic service must face these facts:

The route led west from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney, to Fort Laramie, across the Continental Divide to Fort Bridger, southwestward to Salt Lake City, on over the desert to Carson City, and finally to Sacramento, or Sutter's Fort. In most instances mail traveled from San Francisco to Sacramento by river steamer.

Along this trail the express firm, with headquarters in Leavenworth, Kansas,

The Hollenburg Ranch Station is the only remaining unaltered Pony Express Station along the entire route still on its original location. It is now maintained as a state park by the State of Kansas.



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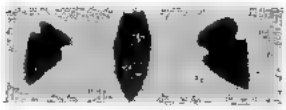

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built and maintained 190 relay stations. These employed 400 people. It took some 480 horses to keep the mail going, and the management bought the best horseflesh to be found. A price of $250 was not considered exorbitant for a mustang which promised both speed and endurance.

The express riders never numbered more than eighty. Their pay depended upon the length and risk of their runs, varying from $50 to $150 a month.

At no time did the company ask for, or get, military protection from the United States. Theirs was a bold pioneer spirit. They performed a service for which they charged money. They undertook the risk and accepted the consequences.

Riders carried both carbines and pistols, and feared holdup men of their own race more than they did Indians. Redmen could be expected to attack in a body and the better mounted mailmen were confident they could outride the savages. White bandits planned careful ambushes, and of the several riders wounded, most were by holdup men rather than Indians.

Size of the riders was all-important. The applicant who weighed over 150 pounds got scant consideration.

Actually the Pony Express was doomed before it was ever launched. The telegraph poles were spreading in both directions from Missouri and California. Railroaders were frantically laying down track. By October, 1861, the magic of the telegraph had spanned the continent faster than mere horsemen could hope to go.

For the enterprising firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell, the whole venture turned out disastrously. They had spent $100,000 as an initial investment, and never were they able to reduce their overhead lower than $30,000 a month. By the time telegraph took over, the promoters were $400,000 in the red.

It was a financial loss the builders never recovered, except in self-satisfaction, and in glorying over the "whoops and hurrahs from the upper decks" which they answered with a "wave of their hand."

The Falling Star Gold Mystery

(Continued from page 19)

place in the Rincon Range. Since such a remote section of the country was seldom visited by white men, he decided to put up a temporary sign simply stating that he was filing a mineral claim extending 1,000 feet in all directions from the tobacco can in which he placed the notice.

This was not the proper way to file, but until he had some definite starting point that could be indicated on a map, he thought it would do until such time as he returned and established a properly-declared claim. He hid the can under some rocks. This was to provide him a means of proof should someone come along and discover the vein before he could return.

He took with him half a flour sack full of the quartz which weighed over sixty pounds. Two days later he and the burro trudged into Mora.

Fazzi first went to the church to seek Father O'Hare, who had provided him with his last grubstake. He would need more money to operate the mine and to pay the packers needed to guide mules in and out of that wild region. He would also need guards to protect his pack trains. Roving bandits working out of Las Vegas made the transportation of anything valuable extremely hazardous.

Part of the deal the priest had previously made with Fazzi was that if he grubstaked the prospector and a rich strike were made, the Mormon was to renounce his church and accept Catholicism. Father O'Hare's share would go to the church's fund for the poor.

But when Fazzi arrived at the church he found that Father O'Hare had been transferred to Santa Fe. A new priest had arrived to take his place.

He next went to see his good friend, Ceran St. Vrain, a wealthy landholder for whom he had worked back in 1843 when he was a young man. But Vrain, too, was away, having gone to Santa Fe on business.

Fazzi simply had to tell someone of his discovery, so he ended up at the Trail Saloon, where he found plenty of drinking companions, among them the Du-

rango Kid, Buckskin Joe Mendez and Billy Mullins.

His flour sack of gold-bearing ore diminished swiftly as the barkeep took from it what he considered a fair amount for each round of drinks. Finally the proprietor of the place, down to his last keg of rot-gut whisky, offered to sell the keg to Fazzi for what remained in the sack.

With this booze, a party was staged in the dance hall next door to the saloon. Everyone who would accept an invitation was invited. Fazzi awakened the next day in strange surroundings. He was in a cabin—and with him were the Durango Kid, Mullins and Joe Mendez.

"Look, old man," Mullins told him, "you're going to show us where you made that strike, and no monkey business about it. We'll go half with you on anything we find."

FAZZI knew the reputation of the three men whose unwilling guest he was at the moment. He was certain that if he led them to the gold, the buzzards would make a meal of his carcass. They would simply liquidate him and take all.

Fazzi stalled by saying that he had made a map of the country as he came out of the mountains and that without it he would be unable to go back to the spot. Without it to guide him, he could not remember which ridges to follow nor which streams he had crossed. He told them he had the map in his pack, which was at the stable where he had left the burro.

Back to town they went, with Mullins reminding Fazzi that any false move would be fatal.

Riding into town they met two employes of Vrain; one—a man named Silvester—Fazzi knew from years back. When he saw Fazzi with such shady characters, Silvester became suspicious. After they had passed, Silvester turned back for town to investigate. He was a member of the Citizens' Committee, which had cracked down on all hoodlums.

Fazzi hunted through his pack, pretending to search for a map that was not there.

"I must have dropped it at the Trail

Cal Draper, who made the last effort to find where the meteorite fell. He had the only copy of Fazzi's map then in existence (the year was 1919).

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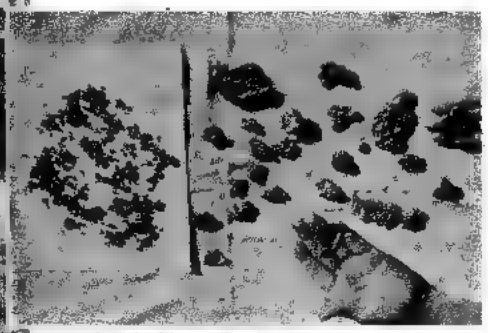

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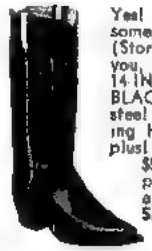

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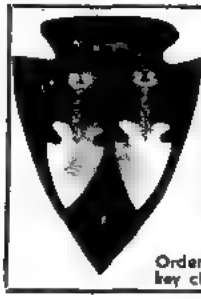

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Saloon," he said. "I remember now, it was in my shirt pocket."

"You're stalling," Mullins said, and refused to go back to the saloon, apparently guessing that the activity in the streets meant the Citizens' Committee was planning some new undertaking. The Durango Kid at the time was wanted in Santa Fe and knew it.

"You'll take us back to that gold," Mullins told Fazzi, "and you'll lead us to it without a map. I don't believe you had one in the first place."

For four days, from sunup till sundown, Fazzi led the badmen on a wild goose chase. He actually tried to forget what streams he had crossed, what ridges he had followed, and ended up by completely confusing himself. By then the outlaws were wary, not knowing when a bunch of Citizens' Committee riders would jump them.

Just before daylight on the fifth day, Fazzi crawled out from under his blanket and mounted an unsaddled horse. He was scarcely out of camp when the outlaws discovered his absence and gave chase.

Riding hell-bent down a canyon with only a halter rope to guide his mount, Fazzi's horse stumbled and fell, throwing him into a pile of rocks. When he attempted to get up his leg buckled under him. It had been broken. Fortunately for him, the horse kept on going and was followed by the bandits.

Fazzi never saw them again, but he lay there for more than twenty-four hours before some riders from Vrain's ranch found him and carried him to town.

The story of the discovery was out; while he was recovering from his broken leg people flocked in to see him. All made offers of cash in advance if he would tell them where he had found the gold. One group from the church, which included the new priest, maintained that Father O'Hare had left his share to the poor fund and they, therefore, were entitled to information that would lead them to the gold. Among those who came to see Fazzi was Ceran St. Vrain. Vrain advised Fazzi to cooperate with the church, which was rightfully entitled to half his find.

FEARING that someone might find the spot where the meteorite had landed, Fazzi drew a map from memory of the country he had passed over and gave it to the new priest, who led the first contingent of searchers.

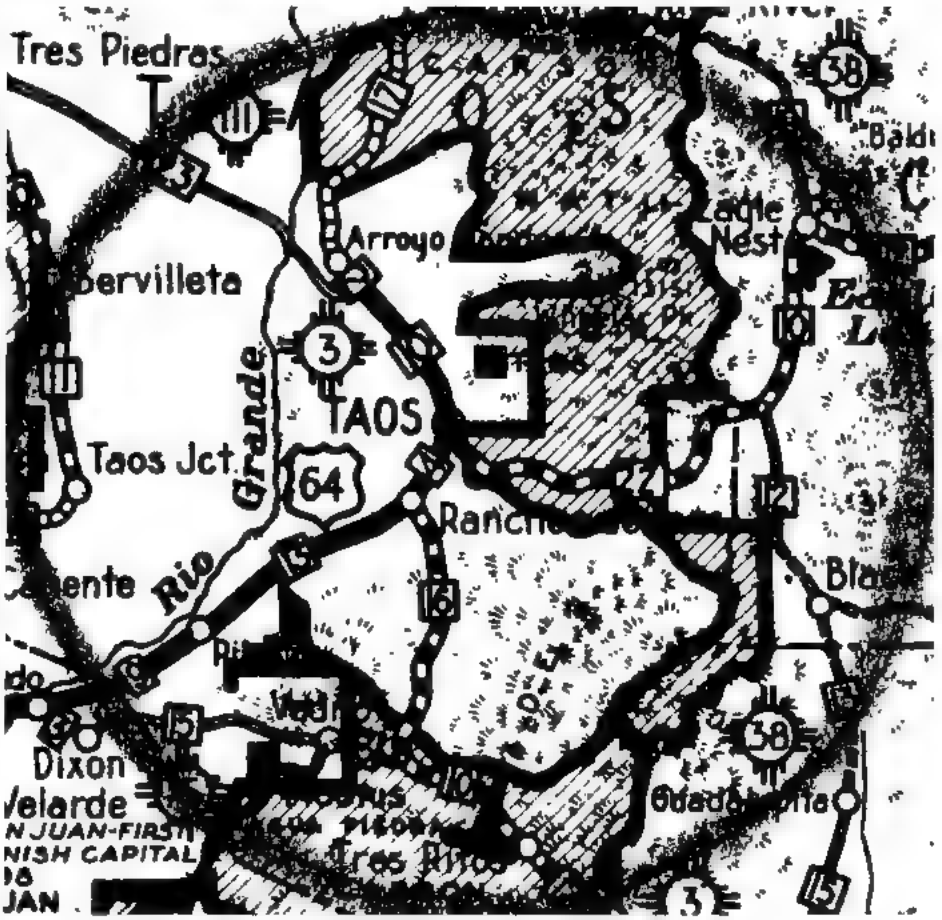
They hunted for six days but failed to find the place the meteorite had landed.

"When I get well I'll lead you to it," Fazzi told the priest. "Just hold your horses a while. I may have become confused from trying to forget where it was. When I'm on my feet, I'll remember."

But complications set in. The broken bone refused to heal and an operation was performed. Gangrene set in and the leg was removed, but not soon enough. The poison had spread through the patient's body and he died suddenly.

The scramble by members of the church, who had the map Fazzi had drawn, became a comedy of errors. To facilitate the hunt, copies were made and distributed. Individual members of the church made thrusts into the mountains but again without success.

A few months after Fazzi died, the story got out (it was supposedly started by a disgruntled church member who failed to receive a copy of the map) that Fazzi had stolen the gold in Grant County



The lost gold ledge is somewhere within the circle.

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This magazine is like a fiddle—it definitely gets more valuable with age. If we only had a good supply of those first issues!

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It appears as though you readers have finally caught on that TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are the same magazine, just issued under different titles to keep them on the newsstands longer. Suddenly everybody made a wild rush to buy FT #13—so many were sold we have only a few left, and have had to raise the price on it to 50c in order to have enough to supply those of you who weren't able to get it and want to have it to complete your bound collections.

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from a prospector who had made a new discovery in the southern part of the state near Silver City.

Several robberies had been committed about the time Fazzi claimed the meteorite had fallen and it was not difficult to accept the story as fact, although those who knew Fazzi discredited it. It could not be true, they said, Fazzi had not been a man of violence and would have robbed no one

The gold fever in the Mongollón Mountains distracted attention from the falling-star gold and soon Fazzi's discovery was all but forgotten.

Many tales of gold discoveries that turned out to be just stories and nothing more occurred in New Mexico. One has to look at the history of mining in that state to determine whether or not Fazzi's story had any foundation of fact.

According to the old Spanish records in Santa Fe, gold was found in New Mexico in the Cerrillos, as early as 1749, 122 years before the meteorite fell. It was mined in the Fray Cristóbal Mountains in 1683. There are records of gold mines in the Elizabethtown, Mongollón, San Pedro, Oro Grande and Silver City districts, and of course, at the famous Sierra del Oro, now known as the Ortiz Mine. But no gold strikes of any importance have been made in the region where Fazzi claimed the meteorite fell.

Gold is where one finds it, an old saying goes, and it may well be that any gold in that region was covered up by some upheaval of the earth millions of years ago. No one knows, of course, where the gold came from which the Indians brought out of the Rincon Range and traded for trinkets as late as 1890.

Since 1872, when Fazzi's story began to fade into oblivion, only two men are known to have attempted to locate the lost vein. If Fazzi did see a meteorite and did find the vein he claimed to have discovered, it is possible that with heavy rains, snows and erosion, the marks left by it in the earth have vanished. The hole it made in the hillside could have caved in and filled up long ago.

Today not a single copy of the map Fazzi drew is known to exist. The last disappeared back in 1929 when Cal Draper of Denver made a final sally into the Rincons. Draper found the map among his late father's effects back in 1902. He had heard the story several times and always the key to the mystery, it seemed, lay in discovering where the meteorite came down.

Draper made his first trip in 1919, and returned in 1923. His father had been in Mora at the time Fazzi made his discovery and had obtained one of the maps, the only one known to have been found after about 1875.

The other searcher was Jeff Silvester, a son of the Silvester who had worked for Ceran St. Vrain. Silvester, however, had no map and all he had to go on was his father's story of what had happened back in 1871.

Today no one in Mora shows any familiarity with the story. Some have heard of it vaguely. The general opinion seems to be that if there was any such vein, and if a meteorite did fall, all signs of it in the surface of the earth have been erased by time and any effort to find it would be unrewarding.

Due to the slender evidence to guide one, and to the ways nature has of covering up old sores, it is highly improbable, in the opinion of most geologists, that it will ever be found.

Rube Burrow

(Continued from page 39)

the dark trail from which there is no return. The mavericking he had done was not too illegal in Texas, but like all minor transgressions, one thing, as they say, led to another.

After the Bellevue train robbery in 1886, Rube and Jim, and a brother-in-law, Rube Smith, plundered and robbed and killed, never again settling down for more than a few weeks until their deaths which have been duly recorded—Jim dying in prison of quick consumption; Rube shot down a short time afterward in a gun duel with a fast-shooting railroad detective.

But what led them to it? Was it the rough times for unreconstructed Johnny Rebs after the war? Rube left the carpetbagger South behind him when he rode west to Texas. Was it the constant poverty which never ceased to be a threat to those early sodbusters? Abe Lincoln had been just as poor, but hadn't ended up that way. Possibly it was the unsoundness of mind which bedeviled his poor mother and his brother, Jasper. Whatever it was, somewhere along the line, he "went bad."

So it was with Rube and Jim Burrow. The old song goes, "Jesse had a wife to mourn all her life," and so did Reuben Houston Burrow, cow thief, train robber, killer—a man whose forebears were among the first settlers in northern Alabama; sturdy, God-fearing pioneers, men of the soil, but men destined for a hapless fate; men with "hell in their necks."

The Long Search

(Continued from page 16)

items would be missing from their provisions from time to time—a pound of tea, a pound of sugar or a slab of bacon—while, as a compensation for the theft, they would find a brace of grouse or a haunch of moose meat.

The months, then the years, slowly passed and the fame of Gun-an-noot gradually spread throughout British Columbia. The Government never forgot that a murder charge was against him and he was still at large. So the search went on and new volunteers went into the wilderness to find the wanted man.

ALL THIS TIME Gun-an-noot, though still a fugitive, remembered the promise he had made to his wife. Through George Biernes, a government packer, he managed to continue to support her. Biernes, who had been Gun-an-noot's friend long before his exile, was an ardent sportsman. One day, in the fall of 1909, he was hunting fifty miles from Bear Lake when Gun-an-noot suddenly stepped from behind a tree directly before him. The redman raised his palm in a sign of peace.

"I have been watching you for some time, and later I will take you to where you can find more game than there are leaves on the trees," spoke Gun-an-noot with a slight smile. "But right now, so that my honor be maintained, you must help me in an important matter, for you must know that I am no murderer and I know that I can trust you."

Gun-an-noot showed George Biernes a cache where he would leave the furs he intended to trap. Biernes would then sell the furs, deduct a sum for his time and give the remaining money to Gun-an-noot's wife, so that she would not live in want. The Indian also requested

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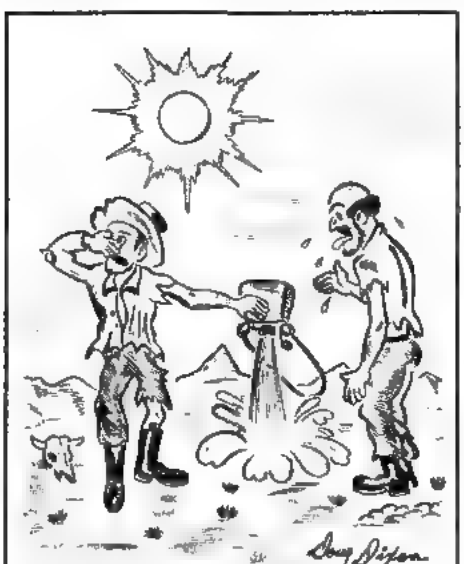
that the other hire a missionary to tutor his children.

Biernes agreed, and for the following ten years, at regular intervals, he visited the cache, secured the furs that had been left there, sold them and gave the money to Sarah Gun-an-noot.

For a decade, always just one jump ahead of the law, Gun-an-noot was able to provide for his family and earn enough money for his wife to establish a small nest-egg. At no time did Biernes betray the other's trust, although he occasionally pleaded with his friend to return to Hazelton for trial, promising the redman that it would be a fair one. Always Gun-an-noot would shake his head. He did not trust the laws of his white brothers, especially where one of his race was concerned.

Then in the spring of 1910, Hi-ma-dan died, apparently a victim of pneumonia. From then on Gun-an-noot had to carry on alone, rarely sleeping in the same place twice and always on the alert.

The years passed and Gun-an-noot continued to elude the posses sent to find him. Meanwhile startling developments were occurring in the outside world. The



"Ugh! There was a fly in that water!"

automobile came into common usage; in Europe the gray-clad horde of Kaiser Wilhelm streamed through Belgium and devastated France. Over in the New World, bobbed hair and the hobble-skirt became the rage, people danced the Tango and the antics of Charlie Chaplin had movie goers in stitches.

But for Gun-an-noot, out in the vast wilderness of the Upper Skeena River territory, there was no change. The same harrowing game of hide-and-seek went on and on and on.

TRUE, during the First World War, Government officials were too occupied by affairs in Europe to devote their full time to the capture of Gun-an-noot. The number of the customary search parties lessened, although the newly appointed constable at Hazelton, John Kelly, led no less than three fruitless expeditions in search of the wanted man.

In the summer of 1918, four seventeen-year-old youths, anticipating the glory as well as the reward that would be theirs by capturing the then almost legendary figure, were chagrined when they awoke on the fifth morning of their search to find Gun-an-noot standing over them with their rifles under one arm.

"Go back to where you came from," he ordered. "Then when you become men and have some idea of what you are doing, you can return and search for me again. Now pick up your packs and be on your way. Hurry—get going!"

Never was a command obeyed more promptly than that one.

George Biernes, who died only a few years ago in the Kispiox Valley, never ceased to plead with Gun-an-noot to return to civilization for trial. In the early spring of 1919 he interested a Vancouver lawyer, Stuart Henderson, in the Indian's case. Acting as intermediary, Biernes finally arranged for Henderson to meet the fugitive in a small cabin five miles from Hazelton. Finally, three months after this meeting, Simon Gun-an-noot, after being repeatedly assured of a fair trial, surrendered.

Biernes and Henderson had brought along an extra horse and the three men rode into Hazelton, where Gun-an-noot insisted on going to the police barracks alone. Constable John Kelly was seated at a desk when the door opened and a powerfully built Indian walked in to announce, "I am Simon Gun-an-noot. I have come to give myself up."

A gasp escaped Kelly as he heard the name. He half-rose from his chair, shot a glance to the rifles in the rack on the wall, but the other said, "Do not fear, I will not harm you. When you were searching for me, I was nearby watching you. I could have killed you many times if I had wanted to."

On his person Gun-an-noot carried the holy medallion, given to him by a priest, years earlier, which had been with him during his many years as a fugitive.

The celebrated trial of Gun-an-noot was held in Vancouver and began on October 7, 1919. The redman was brilliantly defended by lawyer Stuart Henderson. The hostility of former years had vanished and sympathy was strong for the accused who swore he had never killed either Alex McIntosh, Max LeClair or anyone else. The jury deliberated only fifteen minutes before acquitting him; the spectators were jubilant and friendly hands reached forth to congratulate him.

Just who the killers of McIntosh and LeClair were is a mystery that will probably never be known.

Gun-an-noot returned to his native village, to his faithful wife, pretty daughter and fourteen-year-old son, but the long chase had taken its toll. Old beyond his years, he told his wife he would neither hunt nor trap again; he only wished to sit in the sun and watch the sparkling river that flowed by his home. A few years later, tired and crippled with rheumatism, he caught pneumonia and died.

His remains lie beside those of Nah-gun, his father, near the shore of Bowser Lake. Sarah Gun-an-noot survived her husband by nearly thirty-five years and died only recently, in October of 1958.

Today can be seen Mount Gun-an-noot, named in the honor of an Indian by his white brothers who may have done him a terrible injustice.

"The Dusky Demon"

(Continued from page 31)

Lee and that little old bowlegged bad Indian they called Geronimo was there so why me tell you?"

Bill Pickett was loyal to the Miller Brothers. He loved his boss and friend, Zack T. Miller, and Zack Miller cared a lot for Pickett. They are both now rest-

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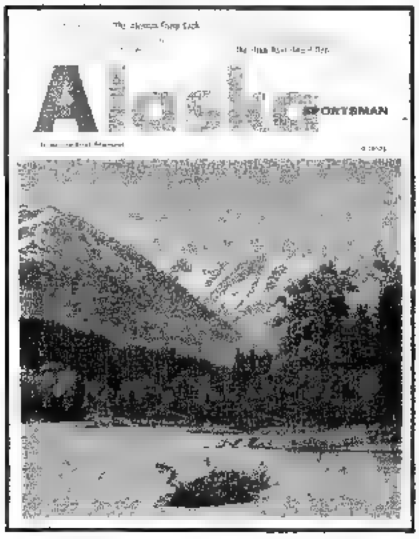

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"Colonel" Joe Miller of the 101 Ranch.

ing near each other on the 101 Ranch, the ranch they both loved so much.

Bill Pickett is buried in the old buffalo pasture on the 101. Always when he was traveling with the 101 Wild West Show he was put in charge of the buffalo herd, and loaded on top of one of the high wagons drawn by eight head of horses and a big buffalo named "Nip." That is the buffalo which is on the U. S. buffalo nickel, with the Indian chief Iron Tail. Iron Tail was also with the 101 Show. Iron Tail died on a train with his head in his squaw's lap on his way from the 101 Ranch to the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota.

PICKETT was a real hand and was active until he died on the 101 Ranch while trying to save a sorrel horse that Colonel Zack Miller claimed was not subject to a foreclosure that the United States Government had on the horses. Zack told Bill to rope the four-year-old sorrel out of the corral before they had a chance to put him up for sale.

Bill went into the corral. The sorrel was only half-broken, boogery and skittish, and when Pickett roped him, the animal fell back, rearing and plunging. Old Bill, now right on to seventy-two years old, started walking up the rope hand over hand, to put a halter on the horse. The sorrel snorted and reared again, chopping at Bill's hat brim with his forefeet. Bill was not as quick as he was in years gone by. He did dodge back but one of the hoofs grazed the side of his head, knocking him to the ground. The horse then jumped on old Bill and stomped his brains into the dust.

Even with his skull cracked and his brains oozing out of his head, Bill Pickett wasn't dead. The boys packed him out of the corral and put him on his bunk where he lay wallowing and groaning in delirium. The doctor came and cleaned his head, but there was little else he or anyone could do. Bill Pickett was slated for death. He just needed a little time to die, and so he did.

Bill Pickett lived eleven days after the horse pawed him. Funeral rites for him were in the same place where Joe Miller's rites were held, on the front gallery of the Miller White House. A Negro preacher from Ponca City, Oklahoma, conducted the services.

Zack was a very sick and weak man. When the preacher said his last word, Zack bowed his head and said, "We're telling Bill goodbye. He is dead now and this is one time when a Negro and a white man are all the same." They buried Bill on a high knoll near old White Eagle's monument on the 101 Ranch that Bill loved so well. Zack Miller wrote me a letter the day of Bill's burial, telling about Pickett passing on and how. And in the letter, in his own handwriting, he wrote, "Old Bill has died and gone away over the Great Divide, gone to the place where the preachers say both saint and sinner abide. If they will, it's a running horse they will give to Bill and some good wild steers till he gets his fill, with a great big crowd for him to thrill.

"Bill's heart was white, but his hide was black, he'd sit up through the coldest

The cast of the 101 Wild West Show. Milt Hinkle is the handsome young buckaroo in the center upstaging everyone.

Milt Hinkle. This photo was taken in Kansas City, Missouri, when the author was fifteen.

night to help a dogie in a dying fight, to save a dollar for his boss.

"And all Bill wanted was a good fast horse, three square meals and a place to lay his tired self at the end of the day. There's one thing else, since I've come to think, Bill was always ready to take a drink. If the job was tough, be it hot or cold, you could get it done if Bill was told. He'd fix a fence or skin a cow or ride a bronc or even plough or do anything that you told him.

"Like many men in the old-time West, on any job he'd do his best. He left a blank that's hard to fill."

Yes, Zack Miller loved Bill Pickett very much. Zack and I felt the same way for Bill, our black friend, and we knew Pickett as well as anyone. At the time Zack wrote me of Pickett's burial I wonder if he knew he was slated also to rest near old White Eagle, his redman friend, and Bill Pickett, his black friend. I think it must have been his wish. It was not the hoofs of a bronc that caused Zack's death, but the hoofs of a bunch of donkeys. He was unloading from a truck, when they trampled him, causing cancer of the liver. Colonel Zack died January 3, 1952, at the age of seventy-three, and lies at rest not far from Bill. My wish is that they rest in peace.

Cousin Jacks and Fighting Micks

(Continued from page 29)

organized an association to include all the mine owners and put up the money for a railroad. It was to be called the Truckee and Virginia City Railroad.

Little did old Captain Truckee, the white Indian, who had been an indispensable guide to Colonel Fremont and a man greatly respected by both Indians and whites, dream that a river would be named for him and a great iron horse belching smoke would run supreme. The three bankers were now to divide a $100,000 a month in profits and the mine owners were to profit as well.

Their Baldwin locomotives were a sight for sore eyes. The coaches boasted the finest upholstery and carpeting that money could obtain.

MANY of the Virginia City boys, single men, second generation Irish and Cousin Jacks, drifted away and became hobo miners. The hobo miners in those days were the best miners the world has ever produced, for they had worked in all kinds of mines under all conditions. They knew how to place their holes so they would break the most ground and knew how to protect themselves if the roof overhead was unsafe.

There was "Stuttering Dan Singleton" also called "Ten Day Dan" whose sister Hannah and an aunt moved from one mining location to another to start up boarding houses. There was little Jackie Lynch, a native of Newfoundland, who used to say he had worked in Death Valley in the Funeral Range in the Coffin Mine on the graveyard shift. One time he and a partner had a lease in Virginia City and they were cross-cutting for a ledge. After three months work they hit the ledge but it carried nothing but barren quartz. "Of course we went broke," Jackie said, "but that's nothing—we were broke before we started!"

Such operations nowadays would be most unusual but in the old days before the auto came, saloon men often grubstaked prospectors. If anything of value was located, half of it was theirs. If not, they were out the cost of the supplies.

Many of the old camps like Virginia City and Austin around the turn of the century were sending out into the mining world many second-generation Cousin Jacks like the Comerford boys, born in Virginia City. You will find Jacks pictured in Frank Crampton's book *Deep Enough*. Charles, whom I worked with in two different camps, went overseas to fight the Kaiser and never came back.

In the late summer of 1912 Bodie was closed down, Goldfield and Tonopah were quiet, and the boys were getting restless. A few of us drifted back to Virginia City to look things over and the mines were hotter than ever. The top jobs were held mostly by married men—called "home guards."

The International Hotel, a solid brick structure of six stories, was still standing. No hostelry was more deserving of the name "International" than this edifice, for it gave shelter to crowned heads, the greatest actors and actresses of their day, mining experts from all over the world and the Comstock Kings themselves. A fireplace in each room, Persian carpeting, rich tapestries, gilt furniture, canopied walnut beds with rich coverings, French beveled mirrors and gorgeous chandeliers decorated the rooms. The bars of mahogany and ebony were inlaid with gold, silver and ivory and the service was the best that could be found.

In 1914 fire destroyed the building. With it went the heart of Virginia City.

The story of Virginia City and the Comstock Lode wouldn't be any story at all without mentioning Adolph Sutro, the little San Francisco cigarmaker. Adolph had never been a hardrock miner, but he was a highly intelligent man. The study of mines fascinated him and so he came to Virginia City to study operations. He couldn't understand how anywhere in the world there could be so much wasted effort. Shafts were deep and steam hoists labored mightily to bring ore to the surface; much rich ore lay around on the dumps that should be milled. Two-thirds of the mines were closed down because the big Cornish pumps were not powerful enough to handle the water. Adolph saw the answer in the twinkling of an eye. If a tunnel could be run under the mines reaching the Carson River, where mills were erected, the ore could be handled by gravity instead of steam. Moreover, a tunnel would furnish much needed ventilation. Had a

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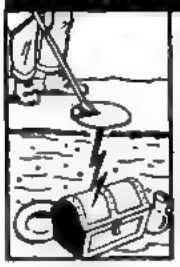

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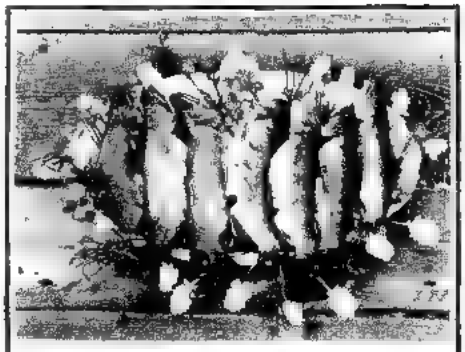

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tunnel existed at the time of the Yellow Jacket fire, the miners who perished could have been saved. Everyone laughed at Adolph. He was crazy, they said.

It was a tremendous effort to raise enough money but he finally succeeded. The tunnel was six miles long and cost nearly $6,000,000. Still, a tax of two dollars a ton was much cheaper for the mine owners than operating with steam. After the tunnel had paid for itself and Adolph had sold out at a profit, he went back to San Francisco and became its mayor.

Lucky Baldwin was once bounced out of the International Hotel because he couldn't pay his board bill but he bounced back and made nearly $1,000,000 in Comstock stock and stayed lucky the rest of his life. He was lucky with women and lucky with horses and today we owe to him the Santa Anita Race Track.

IN THE year, 1933, a double curse descended upon the country—the curse of prohibition and the curse of an economic depression. Money was tight and jobs were scarce. However, there was no prohibition in the good old State of Nevada, never has been; never will be.

Curley Dan Parham and Long Jack Stewart had come to Virginia City to look around, and I had come to visit them. I took the Truckee and Virginia City train at Carson which consisted of a locomotive, a baggage car, one passenger coach, two passengers and a conductor. The conductor may have been between fifty and sixty and he sat with me the entire distance and told me an interesting story about the history of the road. He explained that the road was operating in the red and might fold up any time. But it was to be five years later before the tracks were torn up.

Jack Stewart was looking for a bossing job, but there didn't seem to be any just then. About this time he got his eye on a barfly who interested him for a while, but finally he oriented himself and drifted back to the desert.

Curley Dan was past fifty, but still a powerful man so he hit the foreman for a job after introducing himself at the Keyes shaft. The foreman looked at him for a minute and then he said, "Could you still be the same Curley Dan that drilled in Goldfield against big Bill Ross 'most thirty years ago?" Dan said he guessed he was.

"Well," the foreman said, "the only job open here is mucking in the shaft and it's deep, hot and the air is bad and no white man can take it. These miners are Finns, good men and plenty tough."

"Well," Dan said, "I've been mucking all my life and I'll take the job."

He told me later that he went to Reno, got a half-gallon of cod liver oil and everytime he woke up in the night he'd drink a half cupful. Every day he cooked himself a porterhouse steak. "It was tough shoveling," Dan said, "but one of the Finns helped me fill the bucket. I knew if I ever stopped sweating I would die. I had been down there a couple of weeks when a fellow running an underground hoist quit and the boss put me on it and things were getting easier. Then one day the blacksmith who was sharpening the tools got drunk and laid off and the boss said, 'Dan, take over the shop' and then I had it easy."

I had about five days to nose around the camp and talk to people coming and

Virginia City, Nevada, today.

going. There may have been at that time about 100 people in camp; a few boys were leasing and gophering around. "Long Shorty" Kendall had erected a gallows frame on the north end of "C" Street and was taking out some $30.00 ore, or so the story went. "Long Shorty" was one of the Nevada kings at the turn of the century. He was the one who grubstaked Marsh and Stimler, who discovered Goldfield. He also owned the Tonopah Club, the greatest gambling resort this side of Monte Carlo.

One day I walked into a saloon on "C" Street across from the Crystal, put two bits on the bar and the proprietor set a bottle and two thin glasses in front of me. There was plenty of corn whiskey everywhere; the miners at Daton were making it, charcoal filtered and electrically aged, and it was said there was also a large still miles underground in Virginia City. Dan and I got a gallon right away to take up to the cabin. It was excellent liquor. The Federal Pro-hi agents didn't seem at all interested in the source of the liquor. They had no doubt found that the same liquor was served over every bar in Reno.

The first thing I noticed was a scenic border on all four sides of the wall, up hill and down dale. It was unquestionably a work of art and I thought it must have been costly. The proprietor informed me that the artist was a bum and right now was having a sleep for himself in the back room on a cot. "I'm afraid to give him any money," he informed me, "but I give him all he can eat and enough likker to keep his hand steady."

The proprietor was much worried about the future prosperity of the camp; he said he supposed his wife could take a few boarders if there was anyone to board. I never learned whether or not he stuck it out till the tourist boom arrived.

There was a small but excellent market in the center of "C" Street. The Portuguese farmers came up from the valley with the finest vegetables I have ever seen, fresh out of the garden. They also brought fresh eggs, milk, butter, buttermilk, cheese and a variety of fowl already dressed. I talked with one of them who was driving a team and I asked him if he didn't have any gasoline to run a truck. He said he did but horses didn't eat gasoline and when he got home he turned his horses into the field.

The cost of a good meal in Virginia City was 50c with as many fill-ups of good coffee as you could drink. From "C" Street you could look down on the roofs of the three cottages—hardly more than shacks—that constituted the red-light district. I was told there were girls there but I made no effort to find out.

My last trip to Virginia City was in 1939. The T. & V. C. Railroad was now a memory and Virginia City was beginning to assume the aspect of a ghost town, but many of the old buildings were still standing. It was Labor Day and there were both double and single hand drilling contests. One team, both powerful men, drilled through the rock and their drill fell out of sight.

Now Virginia City again shows signs of life. Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg have made it their headquarters and have brought back into existence the famous *Territorial Enterprise*. Thousands of tourists visit Virginia City every month. Its heydey has passed, but the memories linger on.

INVEST NOW!

2 1/2 ACRES in TWIN RIVER RANCHOS in NEVADA

$10.00 DOWN
$10.00 MONTHLY
FULL PRICE $495

THE BOOM THAT HAD TO COME IS NOW ON IN NEVADA. Ground floor buyers are reaping fortunes from small initial investments. A factual example of skyrocketing values is Las Vegas, Nevada. Land in Las Vegas that originally sold for $200.00 an acre now sells for $20,000.00 an acre, a profit of 1000%! Buyers who took advantage of low opening prices have become wealthy. The ground floor opportunity of Las Vegas is gone, BUT ANOTHER AREA OF PROPEROUS NEVADA IS NOW BEING RELEASED FOR PUBLIC SALE!

This area has such a tremendous growth potential, such a fantastic unlimited future, that wise investors have purchased large acreage. Bing Crosby's ranch was one of the largest ranches in the county. James Stewart is Honorary Sheriff. Yes, the smart experienced investors have sensed the future and are buying TWIN RIVER RANCHOS in Elko County, Nevada.

TWIN RIVER RANCHOS has all of the factors needed to boom ... to prosper ... to skyrocket its land values. Located on the level, fertile lands of Rich Elko Valley, The Ranchos have the backdrop of the statuesque Ruby Mountains. The sparkling Humboldt River, with its swimming and fishing, actually forms one of the Ranchos' boundaries, and is a valuable asset of the property. Every Rancho fronts on a graded road. The City of Elko, with its long established schools, churches and medical facilities is a friendly neighbor only 12 miles away!

FAMILY RECREATION

HUNTING: The hunting of your life. Big game species Mule Deer, are abundant. Duck, Quail and Geese are plentiful.

FISHING: A fisherman's paradise. Huge Rainbows, Brook Trout and German Browns abound in Alpine-like lakes and mountain-fed bottom streams.

FOR THE FAMILY: Riding, swimming and all sports. Camping and picnicking sites of unbelievable scenic grandeur.

INSURE YOUR PROFITABLE TOMORROW

Yes, wise investors are buying in TWIN RIVER RANCHOS America's largest corporations who buy in advance of population explosion are also investing in Nevada. Anaconda Copper has just completed a $32,000,000 plant. North American Aviation, Curtiss-Wright and Kaiser Steel have secured building sites. U.S. Census Bureau Fact: Nevada is the Nation's fastest growing state—8 year population increase, 70%, highest in U.S.A.

TAX RELIEF: No State Income, Gift or Inheritance Tax. The low Real Property Tax is actually limited by the State Constitution.

THE TOTAL COSTS

The full price of the title to your 2½ acre Rancho is only $495.00. Total payment schedule is $10.00 down, and $10.00 per month, including 6% interest. You are not required to do anything to your land. You can live or vacation on it, or simply watch its value grow, then sell all or part of it for a profit. Your profitable tomorrow is here TODAY in TWIN RIVER RANCHOS.

Send $10.00 deposit for each Rancho desired to
TWIN RIVER RANCHOS Dept. 726
27 Water Street Henderson, Nevada

NOW! DON'T MISS THIS OUTSTANDING OPPORTUNITY

TWIN RIVER RANCHOS Dept. 726
27 Water Street • Henderson, Nevada

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Yes!—Reserve acreage at TWIN RIVER RANCHOS for me—$495 for each 2½ acre parcel—payable $10 down and $10 a month including 6% interest. No other charges. Send purchase contract and map showing exact location of my holding. You will return my $10 deposit if I request same within 30 days. I enclose $10 deposit for each 2½ acre Rancho desired.

SIZE ACRES	DOWN	PER MO.
2½	$10	$10
5	20	20
7½	30	30
10	40	40

Name:_____

Address:_____

City:_____ Zone:____ State:_____

Indicate No. of Ranchos____ Total enclosed $____

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(20c per word, cash with order)

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EXTRAORDINARY BOOKS! Every subject under the sun! 10c each! Catalogs Free! Mailway, Box 124-TW, Stuyvesant Station, New York 9, New York.

"INDIAN USES OF NATIVE PLANTS" by Edith Murphey. Information from 71 Indian Reservations. $2.50 postpaid. Address Edith Murphey, Covelo, California.

TRUE WEST Complete Set, from #1 to #44, except #2. Also TW 5, 8, 15, 16, 18, 20, 27, 28, 29, 31. Make offer. Frank Armstead, 1426 Schweiter Drive, Wichita, Kansas.

OLDEST KNOWN INDIAN SITE excavation paper, Northern California. Over 3,000 words, five 8x11 pages of illustrations, photo of site. $2.00. Private Investigations, 701 Colusa Avenue, Yuba City, California.

COMPLETE SET of True West in perfect condition. Will sell to highest bidder. Marvin Davis 2320 Highway 66, Ashland, Oregon.

NEW BOOKS! From leading publishers. Low prices, free catalogs! Herman Eller, Box 22, Troutman, North Carolina

TRUE WEST—ALL ISSUES. Sell all or singles. Best offer. A. Amaral, Cal Poly, Pomona, California.

"WESTERN AMERICANA BOOKS" old, rare, and new. Catalog free. Out of print books found. No obligation. Non fiction Western books bought. Round-Up Book Company, P. O. Box 498, Milton-Freewater, Oregon.

TRUE WEST numbers 2, 3, 5, 6, in good condition. Best offers. LeRoy Harder, 828 Monterey Street, Soledad, California.

NEW WESTERN books. Substantial reductions. Brooks Sledge Bookseller, Macon, Mississippi.

FOR SALE, True West 1, 2, 3; $50.00 Guns Magazine, 1-9 except 4; $25.00. Howard Rodee, 219 East Dominion Boulevard, Columbus, Ohio.

100,000 BOOKS—10c EACH! Tons titles! Two catalogs —dime! "Bargains," 1323-WW Chaparral, Corpus Christi, Texas.

READ The Truth About Adam's Diggings. 5 pictures of actual landmarks. $1 cash. Glen A. Burch, 10304 Propps Drive NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

FOR SALE complete issues of True West from No. 1 to No. 33 of May-June, 1959. $125.00. F. I. Drexler, Mill Valley, California.

READ THIS AMAZING book, "Herbs and the Fountain of Youth." Over 300 herbs listed giving their use in almost every ailment known to man. Priceless Folklore remedies. A wealth of knowledge, only $2.00. Richard Lucas, 255 Hearst Avenue, San Francisco 12, California.

BOOK PUBLISHER seeks manuscripts. Jack Feith, Pan Press, Dept. W, Tahlequah, Oklahoma.

FOR SALE TRUE WEST—4 to 21 $40.00. Victor Semler, 224½ West Lewis, Pasco, Washington

WANTED TO BUY—Old gun company catalogs. Describe and price. Irwin Rotek 1370 Monterey, Redlands, California.

HAVE NO. 1 TRUE WEST. Also "Rose of Cimmaron" issue. Offer? D. Custer, 1949 Willow Creek Road, Prescott, Arizona.

FOR SALE—Books of the West and Southwest, mostly non-fiction. Some scarce and out of print. List on request. Clarence H. Weibe, Box 102, Dept TW 2 Postville, Iowa

Leathercraft

FREE "Do-It-Yourself" Leathercraft Catalog. Tandy Leather Company, Box 791 D42 Fort Worth, Texas.

Real Estate

FOR SALE, In Northwestern Montana, heart of hunting and fishing area, excellent Dude Ranch possibility. Dissolving partnership must sell. Write Sproul Brothers, Route 1, Whitefish, Montana.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

More Custer!

Material on the "Custer Massacre" keeps piling up and the latest contribution is *The March of the Montana Column—A Prelude to the Custer Disaster* (University of Oklahoma Press, $4) by Lieutenant James H. Bradley. Edgar I. Stewart, author of *Custer's Luck*, edited the Lieutenant's diary, wrote the introduction and developed the notes which add many brilliant details to the book.

Bradley's journal provides a record of significant events occurring on the march of the Montana Column under Colonel John Gibbon, from Fort Shaw to the site of the present Crow Agency, near where Custer lost his entire command. The scholarly lieutenant wrote with an easy, literate style covering scenic and scientific points of interest with candor and remarkable accuracy.

Gibbon's soldiers were the first whites to inspect the Custer battlefield after the disaster. Bradley's letter of July 25, 1876 was written nine days after Custer's defeat. The bodies had not been horribly mutilated by the Indians as some have claimed. The bodies were nearly all stripped, some had been scalped, but few if any had been hacked to pieces. When the battle was over, the braves fled and joined their families who had begun moving camp during the fight. However, squaws had badly mutilated Reno's men who had fallen near the Sioux camp.

There are maps and illustrations and the dust jacket is decorated with W. R. Leigh's excellent painting, "Custer's Last Fight," owned by the Woolarac Museum, Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

Names on the Land

Nebraska Place-Names (University of Nebraska Press, $1.50) edited by G. Thomas Fairclough brings together original monographs by Lilian L. Fitzpatrick and J. T. Link. The work includes over 2,000 place-names in Nebraska given by Indians and whites such as names of counties, townships, towns, cities, post offices, state parks, forts, Indians reservations, trails, creeks, rivers, hills, buttes, valleys, etc.

Many of the Nebraska place names are also used in other Western states. For example, "Cowboy Hill" was used by cowboys in locating cattle, horses, friends and enemies, and "Boothill" has a graveyard where cowhands, freighters, hide men and outlaws were buried. Place names are an important part of our Americana and Nebraska is a leader in recording their lore.

Desert Home

The Desert Was Home (Westernlore, $6.75) by Elizabeth W. Crozer Campbell is about the adventures and tribulations of California desert homesteaders. Today this desert has become a glamorous health spa where thousands of U. S. sun-worshippers escape frosty northern winters and develop deep brown complexions. However, many like the Campbells make their homes there all year.

In 1924, in desperation, the Campbells camped in the high dry Morongo desert, hoping that healing for Bill's war injuries might be found in the sun and clear air of the mountain slopes. A year later they filed on their homestead at Twentynine Palms north of Palm Springs and began the tedious toil of home building and well digging. They found time to help hard-pressed neighbors and soon knew the habits of desert animals, learned the country trails and prospected the homes of ancient desert tribes.

An accredited archeologist and gifted writer, Mrs. Campbell has written such notable technical books as: *The Pinto Basin Site, Archeological Survey of the Twentynine Palms Region*, and *The Archeology of Pleistocene Lake Mohave.*

Her current book tells of the Campbells' life in the desert and the result is a warm and human story that is delightful reading. The text is illustrated with numerous interesting desert scenes.

Two Great Texians!

Texas certainly has the right to claim Sam Houston as her liberator and hero —our Nation also classes him in her roster of great Americans. *Lone Star Leader* (Messner, $2.95) by Curtis Bishop is a new book about Houston's tempestuous career.

In his candid biography, Curtis Bishop takes Sam out of the aura of legend and recreates him as the earthy citizen that he was—a passionate patriot who appeared to flourish on the hardships and troubled life of the frontier.

Coming from Tennessee where he had been a lawyer, senator and governor, Houston led Texas through her chaotic pioneer years and became her first president. His rag-tag Texas army forced Santa Anna's Mexican forces to surrender at San Jacinto, thus avenging the heroes of Goliad and The Alamo.

This one is aimed at the young folks, but it's first rate history for all hands.

The Father of Texas, Stephen F. Austin (Naylor, $3.50) by Mallie Phegley is the latest addition to Naylor's growing list of biographies of famous Texans for young readers. This is a simply told version of a long-familiar story without notes or a bibliography or even an acknowledgment of the sources used. There is an index and some good drawings.

A Range Classic

John Clay's *My Life on the Range* (Antiquarian Press, $17.50) has just been reprinted for the first time. The first edition was privately printed by the author in 1924 and had become the scarcest of all the range books written by the educated men from the British Isles. It

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was also the best of the numerous books on the capital invested by the various British companies in the range cattle industry—one of the major financial phenomena of the eighties. As the best and scarcest book of its kind, the Clay also became the most expensive and a reprint, to put it in reach of libraries and impecunious collectors, has been long overdue.

A Ranger Classic

A Texas Ranger (The Frontier Book Co., $4) is a facsimile reproduction of N. A. Jennings' classic of life with Captain McNelly's frontier fighters. The first edition of this book was published in 1899 and is now quite scarce as is also the reprint of 1930, which has a foreword by J. Frank Dobie.

Women for the West

Mercer's Belles, The Journal of a Reporter (University of Washington Press, $4.75) is the first printing of the diary kept by Roger Conant, a reporter for the *New York Times*, of the voyage of the steamship Continental from New York to San Francisco. In 1865, Asa Shinn Mercer was president of the infant Territorial University at Seattle when he conceived the grandiose scheme of bringing a large number of female emigrants to Washington to become teachers and wives. Mercer, despite inadequate financing of the venture, went east to recruit the emigrants and while beset with delays that cost him a big board bill in New York City and further ate into small capital, finally sailed with a party of 100 emigrants on January 16 or 17, 1866. Conant went along to report the trip around the Horn for the *Times*. His stories to his newspaper appeared under the by-line "Rod" and while based on his diary, were not quite as frank or complete as the version set forth in this book. Lenna A. Deutsch has performed a notable service in editing the diary and by comparing it with other published accounts in her fine notes. Mrs. Deutsch also wrote the entertaining introduction and prepared a historical appendix giving the details of the lives of the emigrants after they reached the West Coast.

111 Miles of Track

Railroad buffs will be interested in the newsy brochure—*The Laramie Plains Line* (Sage, $2.50) by Frank R. Hollenback—about a back country line from Laramie, Wyoming to Walden and Coalment, Colorado. Beginning as the Laramie, Hahns Peaks and Pacific Railway Company in 1901, the road has had six names, the present being the Coalment Branch of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Champion Bronc Rider

Sam Brownell's *Rodeos and "Tipperary"* (Big Mountain Press, $2.50) is not strictly speaking a rodeo book. Sam was the Champion Bronc Rider at Cheyenne in 1917 and after that spent a considerable part of his time promoting rodeos and in supplying the rough string for use at rodeos. "Tipperary" was the top bucking horse in the string. Sam reveals that in the early days "politics" played an important part in the rodeo game.

Too Handy With a Gun

The Life of John Wesley Hardin (University of Oklahoma Press, $2) is a reprint of a book issued in 1896 and now long out-of-print. In this, The Western Frontier Library edition, Robert G. McCubbin, noted Texas collector, makes a good case for the original publisher who included the words "As Written by Himself" after the title. Other authorities have been rather unanimous in their opinions that Hardin lacked the education to write the book.

Ask True West

(Continued from page 41)

Yet he lived to be seventy-two and died in bed with his boots off. His vitality was amazing.

Question: Would appreciate any data you can furnish me in regard to battles and losses in the Indian wars of the West.—R. H. Harbison, APO 19, New York.

Answer: There is no data whatever on Indian losses. The Adjutant General's office officially recognizes 1,065 engagements from 1866 to 1891; 930 of these fights were between U. S. troops and Indians in which 932 officers and enlisted men were killed and 1,061 wounded. I repeat, this is only the list that was officially tabulated and does not claim to be exhaustive. But it will give you a general idea.

Question: Is the Tunstall store in Lincoln, N. M., still standing?—S. Rhine, Suffolk, England.

Answer: It is still standing and was recently purchased and refurbished by the State Legislature as a historic landmark. The store is now a tourist attraction.

The Tunstall-McSween general store, Lincoln, New Mexico.

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Miscellaneous

"OVERLOOKED FORTUNES" in the rarer minerals and gemstones. Here are a few of the 300 or more you may be overlooking while mining, prospecting or gem hunting: Uranium, vanadium, columbium, tantalum, tungsten, nickel, cobalt, selenium, germanium, bismuth, platinum, beryllium, golden beryl, emeralds, etc. Some minerals worth $1 to $2 a pound, others $25 to $100 an ounce. Some beryllium gems worth a fortune; get out of the agate class into the big money, an emerald the size of your thumb may be worth $500 to $10,000 or more. Learn how to find, identify and cash in on them. New simple system. Send for free copy "Overlooked Fortunes"—it may lead to knowledge which may make you rich. Duke's Research Laboratory, Box 664, Dept. 4, Truth or Consequences, New Mexico.

UNUSUAL EXTRA WIDE THICK KNOTTY PINE PLANK and figured hardwoods. Handmade into sturdy low-priced furniture. Free folder. Write TABLES, Tunbridge, Vermont.

AMERICAN INDIAN COLOR SLIDES. Superb museum specimens covering archeology and ethnology of Western Hemisphere. Excellent for teachers, collectors, artists. Free list. American Indian Museum, 3753 Broadway, New York 32, New York.

GUNS SURPLUS Military Rifles, $8.95. Revolvers, $8.97. Bargain list, 25c. ARMSCO, P.O. Box 1308, Ventura, California.

FISHTRAP line, guaranteed weedless lures. Write for free catalog. Weedless Bait Company, Aitkin, Minnesota.

GOLD from the mountain streams of Oregon. Generous sample in glass vial, $2.00 ppd. Garry W. McKinney, Rt. 3, Box 53, Reedsport, Oregon.

FINEST TRANSISTOR OR METAL LOCATERS, $25.00 up. Informative folder "Metal Locating Kinks" 25c. IGWTT, Williamsburg, New Mexico

"HOMEBREWED WINES, BEERS" HIGHEST POWERED. INSTRUCTIONS FORMULAS, RECIPES—$1.00. Dean's, 109-TW West 42, New York 36, New York.

AUTHENTIC INDIAN SONGS AND DANCES on Phonograph Records—Catalogue on request from Canyon Records, 834 N. 7th Avenue, Phoenix 2, Arizona

FREE . . . Catalog, 170 pages. Save on Reloading Equipment, Calls, Decoys, Archer Fishing Tackle, Molds, Tools, Rod Blanks. FINNYSPORTS (TR), TOLEDO 14, OHIO

CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH DAYS. Specimens, nuggets, dust, gold ore bottles, tools, articles, dishes, weapons, clothing, papers, etc. ROCK & RELIC SHOP, Jamestown, California.

GOLD NUGGETS from Alaska Gold Fields. Beautiful collectors items. Valuable, interesting. Boxed in plastic. $3.00 postpaid. Neptune, 13 Myrtle, Saint Augustine, Florida

MOON BITING CHART for BASS, Free. Blackstone 403 Powers Avenue, Madison 4, Wisconsin.

SUFFERING FROM ARTHRITIS? Try Ginseng; Information free. Write Ginseng, Asheville, North Carolina.

GUNS, ALL KINDS. NONE OVER $20.00. Bargain list, 25c. Miller's, P. O. Box 1285, Sacramento, California.

SWAP ANYTHING FOR ANYTHING, ANYWHERE. World-Wide Swap Club. Send $1.00 for membership form. CORDERO, 37-45 79th Street, Jackson Heights 72, New York.

"SOURDOUGH" recipes, chuckwagon favorites. Delicious biscuits, hotcakes, doughnuts. $1.00. Box 5X, Paisley, Oregon

CONE ASSORTMENT. Pine and fir. Five varieties, including giant sugar pine cone. $2.00. Nature Products, Box 816, Ashland, Oregon.

BRING ANY portable radio, flashlight, hearing aid, lantern battery back to full useful life again and again with new rejuv-o-rator. $1.00 postpaid. Money-back guarantee. Relco, Box 10563, Houston 18, Texas.

TEXAS TREASURE MAP. Geographic locations of lost mines and treasure. Based on old legends. Suitable for study or framing. Money back if dissatisfied. $3.50 postpaid in tube. G. A. Gaedecke, 9524 Truscon Drive, Houston 24, Texas

PAINTINGS. CHARLES RUSSELL, in oil on canvas, class C 16" x 20", $45.00. Other sizes and grades available. All orders must be accompanied by U.S. Postal Money Order, and photograph of picture desired. Masco, Japan, Ltd., C. P. O. Box 1326, Tokyo, Japan.

CASH PAID for good placer ground with engineer's report. Write A. Goeke, 9712 208th Avenue NE, Redmond, Washington

INDIAN TERRITORY—1885. Map showing Indian Nations, tribal lands and famous trails, 50c. M. Hogue, 325 South Franklin, Ponca City, Oklahoma

GUMMED ADDRESS LABELS. Personalized, $1.00 per 1000 postpaid. Free catalog. Other personalized items. McClain's, 1820 North Taylor, Little Rock, Arkansas.

ATTENTION FISHERMEN—New Patented trolling RIG. Adjustable. Use any size minnows, frogs, pork rind; also in conjunction with any of your favorite underwater lures, such as nite crawler harness, spoons etc., for all game fish. Positive hooking. Results amazing. Strong, nickel-plated. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send cash or check. Sample $2.00 or 3 for $5.00. All charges paid. Empire Sales & Mail Order, 744 L. W. E. Dept. WP 13, South Bend 18, Indiana

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(20c per word, cash with order)

Miscellaneous

BURIED TREASURE AND LOST MINE map, 24x18 in., 4 color 72 authentic locations; California. Free gold nugget $2.00 ppd. 100 year old Indian trade beads. $3.00 strand. See famous old GOLD RUSH Museum, Box 46, Amador City, California.

COLORSLIDES Ghost Towns, Railroads, Desert Scenes. Knott's Berry Farm Calico, Virginia City, Rhyolite, Bodie. List and Sample 25c. O. Longstreet, 5453 Virginia, Hollywood 29 California.

FREE! Emblem Rubber Stamp Catalog. Top Quality stamps. 3-line stamp, $1.00. Imes, 315 Lark Street, Casper, Wyoming.

PROSTATE trouble will break a man. Information on what cured me. $1.00 for this ad. R. H. Taylor, 240 Hughes Street, Keyser, West Virginia.

1000 NAME AND ADDRESS stickers, $1.00. Mott Distributors P.O. Box 602, Lovelock, Nevada.

TAN HIDES IN 72 HOURS. Formula and instructions, $2.00. Vernon Crow, 1348 East 33rd South, Salt Lake City, Utah.

GOLD AND SILVER INDICATORS. Also the Mexican Dip Needle, Jacob Rod, Spanish Rod, Hall Instrument. Also other instruments to locate gold and silver. For information write Box 51, Plant City, Florida.

"WINEMAKING," "BEER, ALE." Strongest methods. Illustrated, $2.20. Eaton Bookstore (Supplies), Box 1242 R, Santa Rosa, California

BEAUTIFUL polished agates $3.00 lb. Obsidian, not polished, $2.00 lb. Non-tarnish nickels, agates, garnets, petrified wood tie tacks, $2.00 ea. Earrings, garnets, petrified wood, agates, $3.00 pr. Bolo ties, $2.00 ea. Inquire for stones unpolished. Address GEMS BY GEORGE, Station B, Box 4271 Spokane 31, Washington.

BOULDER ASSAY OFFICE: Gold and Silver $3.50, Tungsten $5.00, Molybdenum $5.00, Mineralights, Ore Specimens. Write for free price list. 250 Pearl Street, Boulder, Colorado.

ARTHRITIS, sinus-sufferers! Information on what will relieve pain, help muscles. $1.00 for this ad. R. H. Taylor, 240-AR Hughes Street, Keyser, West Virginia.

ELECTRIC PENCIL engraves tools, any metal. $2.00. Relico, Box 10563 Houston 18, Texas.

GEMSTONES: GENUINE SYNTHETIC ruby, sapphire, emerald, garnet, topaz, opal, all others. Inquiries invited. Sterling and gold mountings. Jack Alexander, 2436 East Tenth, Tulsa 4, Oklahoma.

NATURAL PLACER GOLD, cleaned mine run, $40 troy ounce. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cashier's check or money order. Marcum Bielenberg, Avon, Montana

NOW Vibratory Screens all sizes for separating beads, buttons etc. from cave floor dirt, old basements. Weber Dehn Manchester, Iowa.

APACHE TEAR STORY CARD with one each polished and rough tear and Mineral Perlite, $1.00 postpaid. Apache Tear (and other gemstone) jewelry available. Eagle's Nest Gems and Minerals, 459 Soledad, San Antonio, Texas.

Rare Coins and Stamps

RARE 1878 CC Mint Dollar, Uncirculated $5.00. 100-page coin catalogue, 50c. Sheltz, Salt Lake City 10, Utah.

I PAY UP TO $4,500.00 for one rare coin. Send $1.00 for book listing thousands I will buy. Butts, Box 889, Torrington, Wyoming.

I BUY U.S. and Canada pennies. Write Box 15, Aberdeen, Washington.

COLLECTORS—Free stamps. Send stamped envelope. Pacific Service, Box 143, Aldergrove British Columbia, Canada.

BEAUTIFUL 1965 MEXICAN GOLD, B. U. only $3.25. Great West Philatelic Service, Hope, British Columbia, Canada.

50 FREE STAMPS, Exquisite approvals cheap. Carol Stamps, 2527 Leebee, Pomona, California.

Western Merchandise

FANCY WESTERN SHIRT SNAPFASTENERS, 62 colors and kinds. Fringe, shirtmaking supplies, new Velcro Fastener. Free catalogue. Campau Company, Box 76055-G, Sanford Station, Los Angeles 5, California.

BOOTS. Handsome Western styles. Free Catalog. Austin Boot Company, Box 5303 W, El Paso, Texas.

CARTRIDGE BELT AND HOLSTERS, Western-style hand carved leather. Saddles, Bull whips. Stamps for circulars. General Mercantile Company, Box 617, Laredo, Texas.

PEARL SNAPS for Western Wear. All styles and colors. Free catalog. Bee Lee Company, Dept. TW, Box 13464, Dallas 20, Texas.

FREE 80-page catalog. Western saddles, riding accessories clothing. Western Saddlery, Box 1864-A42, Fort Worth, Texas.

DEERSKIN moccasins, etc., with beadwork. Sarah Lefthand, Box 28, Elmo, Montana.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

Slimy Individual Named Sampson

Happy Noo Yea' To All Ya . . .

While vacationing at home last week I ran into a pile of office correspondence picked up in 1944 in the decaying office of the Eberhardt and Aurora Mining Co., Ltd., at Eberhardt, near old Hamilton, Nevada. Interesting reading. Want an unfinished story? Here's one, addressed to Captain Frank Drake, Manager:

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

Eureka, Nev.
June 3, 1875

Mr. Drake,

Dear Sir, there is a sort of slimy individual at work at your place by the name of Sampson (a stage driver) last winter Mr. Forrest of W.U. Tel. Co. sent for some chessmen on which was due ($2.50) please keep the above two-and-a-half out of his wages and send to me as I am a poor message boy who is working for $30 a mo. Mr. Forrest gave him the money to give to me—you can ask Forrest for an explanation he will tell you about it please ans and oblige your

Abe Leventhal, Eureka, Nev.

(he promised he would send by stage for the last three months and has not paid yet)

Now, really, don't you wonder if he ever got his dough? I do.—Don Ashbaugh, *Las Vegas Review Journal*, Las Vegas, Nevada.

"Person or Persons Unknown"

Dear Sir:

I just received my June issue of TRUE WEST and read among other items the latest contribution to the story of the Lost Dutchman Mine, viz., the letter of Mr. Bell. It is obviously written by a man who is sincere but both misinformed and uninformed.

Mr. Bell scoffs at the "murders" in the Superstition Mountains. Yet in the past year newspaper stories have attested to the removal of at least three dead men from these mountains. The coroner's verdicts were the same: "Killed by gunshot at the hand of persons or persons unknown." If the newspapers are not considered reliable, the Pinal County Sheriff's office has the facts as a matter of record.

In his letter Mr. Bell places great faith in the "researches" of his friend, Mr. Ward. To establish the sound basis for this faith he points out that his friend learned that "Walzer, the Dutchman, was on the payroll of the Goldfield Mine at the time he made his big discovery." I won't get off on the argument about the name (Walzer, Walz or Waltz) but the following facts cannot be ignored. The Dutchman suffered from exposure in the Great Flood of the Salt River in October of 1891. (See Phoenix newspaper files and records of the Salt River Project.) As a result he contracted pneumonia and subsequently died in February of 1892. (Again, Phoenix newspapers.) At this time he was either eighty-one or eighty-two years old. This can be verified by cross-checking the information in the special census for the Territory of Arizona in 1864 and that in the regular census of 1870. The other fact of significance is that mining activities at Goldfield were confined to the relatively short period from 1893 to 1897. This can be established from innumerable sources, e.g., *Arizona, the Last Frontier* by Joseph Miller. It would be somewhat difficult for a man who died in 1892 to have worked in the mines at Goldfield between 1893 and 1897.

The legend of the Peralta massacre is interesting and colorful but is just that, a legend. It originates with the Indians and not a shred of documentary evidence has been produced. Mr. Bell's statement that skeletons were found at the purported site of the massacre has no basis in fact. —George A. Petticrew, Route 1, Box 2006, Apache Junction, Arizona.

Long Ride

Dear Sir,

Referring to your article "The Assassination of Pat Garrett" in the April, 1961 TRUE WEST, the story states ". . . that morning Miller came through Portales early in the morning before this killing and said he wanted a horse, that he was going to make a long ride to Las Cruces and bump off Garrett."

Now it's 290 miles from Portales to Las Cruces, so I'd say Miller needed a pretty fast horse to be in Las Cruces the next day—or even the day after that—wouldn't you?—Clara M. Dennis, 204 Glendale, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

Editor's Note: Yep.

A Fortune in Pitchblende

Gentlemen:

Here, you rockhounds and searchers for lost mines, is something to shoot at.

Sometime between 1912 and 1915 an Indian came into William Paulman's saloon at International Falls, Minnesota, with a burlap bag of what he assumed was coal. We took some of it and burned it in the stove. It made a slow fire and a lot of smoke, which smelled like pitch. The saloon keeper and his customers were very much interested. Paulman could understand the Chippewa language and he made a deal with the Indian, promising him $2.50 per day for guiding a party to the spot where the coal was found. He took three men up to the place by canoe and they brought back two bushels of the stuff, which was assayed by a chemist of the Oliver Iron Mining Company at Virginia, Minnesota, as pitchblende. At that time it was not known that uranium, as well as radium, is found in pitchblende, so no one tried to develop the find. However, they claimed to have staked out a claim and filed it at Fort Frances, Ontario. In the party were John Glava, a merchant from Ray, Minnesota, who was my brother-in-law; Joe Chamberlain, a lawyer and postmaster of International Falls; and Dudley Slocum, editor of the *Border Budget* of the same town. All are now dead.

The find was located seventy or eighty miles from International Falls, on a creek emptying into the most northern part of Rainy Lake.

About thirty years ago the Fort Frances land office was closed and the records were transferred to Kenora, Ontario. Three years ago I went to that office, but they had no record of any filing in that area either for coal or pitchblende. So it is still there, ready to be discovered by some lucky guy.

If I were twenty years younger I would not write this, but would go after the stuff myself. At seventy-eight, however, I don't enjoy packing canoes anymore. The outcropping is supposed to be joined to a large granite bluff. The area is called the Manitou District. A plane with pontoons can be chartered at a reasonable rate at Kenora.—Albert Ens-

mann, P. O. Box 161, Forbestown, California.

Movin' To Oregon

Editor:

It seems as though my grandpap in about 1840 heard of the migration to the Oregon Territory and decided to leave his home in Tennessee and join the westward movement. He put this ad in the local paper:

"Having sold my farm, I am offering for sale the following: all of my oxen, thirty-two gallons of Johnson and Miller whiskey, seven years old, twenty gallons of apple cider, a forty-gallon copper still, fifty gallons of soft soap, 555 gallons of sorghum molasses, six head of foxhounds—all soft-mouth, except one. At the same time I will offer six Negro slaves, two men, two women and two boys. I will sell them all to the highest bidder, as I will not separate them.

Terms of sale: cash in hand or a note to draw four percent interest."

The old gent never got to Oregon Territory. He got to Fayetteville, Arkansas, and got another farm. In 1849 he went across the Plains and the Rockies to California and the gold excitement there. He made a fortune, somewhere near Sutter's Mill, and returned to Arkansas in 1853 (by boat to the Isthmus of Panama). He walked the twenty-eight miles across the Isthmus, then went by boat across the Gulf and up the Mississippi to his home. Five years later the wanderlust hit him again, and he sold his property and with all his relations left by wagontrain for the Pike's Peak gold excitement. He landed on the banks of Cherry Creek the last day of May, 1858. He later figured in the organizing of Jefferson Territory, which now is the State of Colorado.—P. R. Steele, Nucla, Colorado.

Needs Information

Editor, Truly Western:

Does anyone know the cowhand in this photo? I have the original and the name "Ada Means" is written on the back. It appears he dolled his horse up real nice for the photographer. He's apparently used some sort of coat dressing and put a white bow on the horse's forelock. As for the rider, it appears he's doused his face in the watering trough to have his picture taken (but he didn't get much of the grime off his hands in the process). And pipe the fancy Stetson and western shirt!

Also, who was Senator Thomas Catron of New Mexico? Did he hail from Pennsylvania? I've seen references to such a senator in TW and I have a photo of a Civil War captain signed, "Yours Respectfully, Capt. Thos. Catron, 63d Pa. Vols." Could they be the same man?

How many California Joes were there? As long as I've been following the Civil War and the Old West I've run across mention of "California Joe." I once found him as a pen-and-ink drawing of a Civil War sharpshooter. Another time I saw a photograph of a very old man named California Joe. Seems to me I've also read something in TRUE WEST that California Joe was killed in a gunfight. When Hollywood had Errol Flynn polish up the Custer image in "They Died With Their Boots On," they had a "California Joe" (obviously the movie's version of Mitch Bouyer) get an arrow through his gizzard alongside the Little Big Horn.

Who knows?—Dick House, 21917 Garrison Street, Dearborn, Michigan.

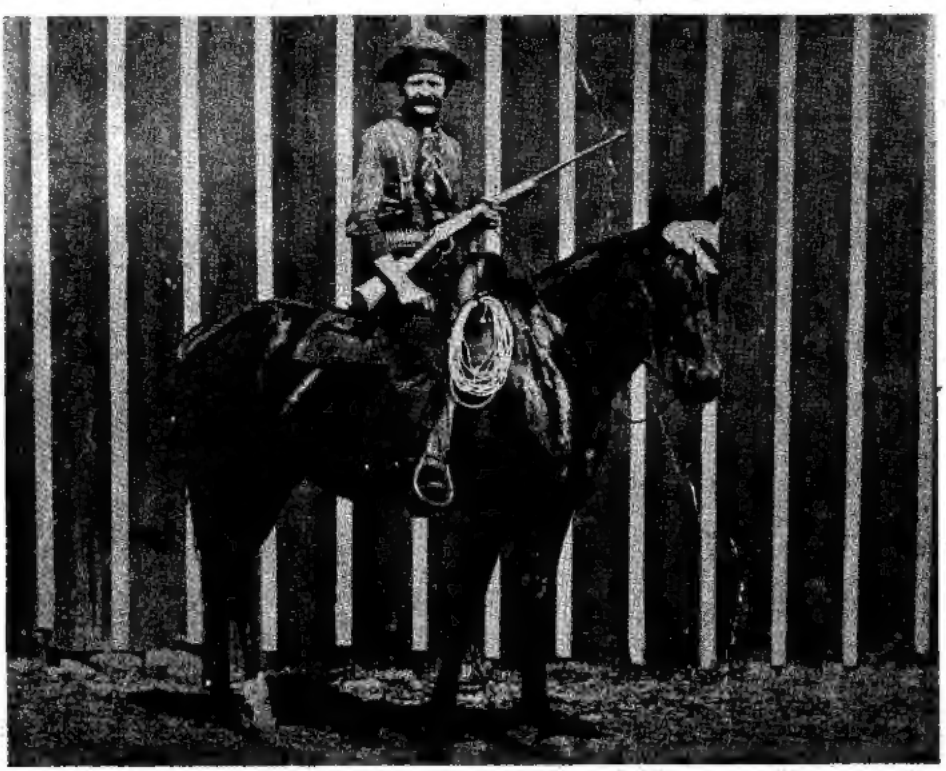
Not Kit Carson

Hi there,

When Kit Carson, III saw the picture on page twenty-eight of the April issue of TRUE WEST, he said, "That's not a picture of grandfather Carson."

Kit Carson was only five-feet, seven-inches tall, wore a mustache but never a beard. He owned a small ranch for a while at Cimarron but never lived there. I think someone was pulling your leg.—J. D. Clark, Amarillo, Texas.

Editor's Note: The photograph which we mis-captioned "Kit Carson" was apparently someone masquerading as the famous



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scout during a commemorative celebration of some kind. In handling, the full details of the photos must have inadvertently become edited and it came to us labeled as the real thing. The error has now been corrected.

Earp Was Fast!

Dear Sirs,

I found the following information in the *San Diego Union*, April 2, 1961, issue, and thought you would be interested.

Merritt Laffoon, a full-blood Mohave Indian, used to camp with Wyatt Earp, and saw values in Earp that peers of the controversial frontier marshal may have overlooked.

Laffoon met Earp in 1908 four miles from the Colorado River in the Little Turtle Mountain. Earp had staked out a mining claim and needed a man to haul water and wood, and swamp up around camp. Every other day for most of a year Laffoon drove a team to Earp's claim, and often slept overnight and accompanied Earp on prospecting trips.

Earp, according to Laffoon, was nothing like his TV counterpart—pressed, polished, foppish and talkative.

"He was never rough, and he treated everybody, including Indians, with courtesy. One thing that set him apart, he never laughed out loud. In all the time I knew him, I never heard him laugh," Laffoon said.

"He was conservative in dress. When I knew him he wore field shoes, bib overalls, a gray or blue shirt, and a gray Stetson that he pulled right down on his eyebrows."

As his friendship with Earp deepened, Laffoon said, he found the courage to tease him. Once they were riding out of camp. Laffoon taunted, "Why do you always wear those guns? What would you do if somebody tried to kill you now? Do you think your guns would help you?"

Earp motioned for Laffoon to throw aloft a rusted sardine can.

"He drew so fast the gun seemed to jump into his hand," said the old Mohave. "He shot from the hip, just once, and he hit the can. I never made fun of him again."—Walter Pratt, 2660 Hornblend, San Diego 9, California.

Big-Nose George

Gentlemen:

The story "Curtains for Big-Nose George" was quite good, although it contained certain speculations I would question.

In the first place, Mr. Wolfe asserts that "the names of all the robbers are not known . . . ." The robbers were Charles Burris, alias Dutch Charlie Clarke; George Parrott, alias Big-Nose George; Frank James, alias Frank McKinney; Jack Campbell; Sim Wan; Tom Reed; Frank Toll; and a man called "Sandy."

Judge Peck did read the indictment to Big-Nose George, but Parrott was well represented by counsel, having had appointed for him the well-known attorneys S. T. Lewis and C. W. Bramel. Judge Peck did not hear the case in its entirety, disqualifying himself, and turning the gavel over to Judge Jacob B. Blair.

Parrott testified that the gang was still in hiding when the section man found the tampered rail, and that he had difficulty in preventing McKinney from shooting the section man. Incidentally, McKinney was thought by the men with him to be Frank James, and since the modus operandi—the loosening of the rails—was the same as was done at Adair, Iowa, in 1873 when Cole and Jim Younger, Clell Miller, Frank and Jesse James caused the death of a railroad engineer by derailing a locomotive, it is a pretty good guess that that sanctimonious hypocrite masterminded the Wyoming job as well.

Mr. Wolfe has S. T. Lewis feeling for Parrott's heartbeat after he was lynched; however, having been the court-appointed attorney, it is doubtful that Mr. Lewis, irrespective of his personal feelings, would have been so prominent.—John Carson, Box 5008, Austin 31, Texas.

Big Hit in Rawlins

Dear Sirs,

After reading the April issue of TRUE WEST, I must agree with many—it's real fine!

We here at KRAL Radio found a great deal of new interest in the Big-Nose George story, as he has been a topic of conversation many times in this area.

We talked of your story Monday morning. Only one bookstore in town had any copies left then and by mid-afternoon they, too, were gone.

Old-timers here in Rawlins agree that it was one of the most factual stories they have ever read on George!

I have seen and read many of the items that were used in your story but the one that really clinches the history of George is the original of the trial transcript that is now in the Carbon County library here in Rawlins. Wow! It's a document I wish every Western fan could read.—Denny Hawkins, Manager, KRAL Radio, Box 385, Rawlins, Wyoming.

Comstock's Death

Dear Sirs:

In reference to your article "Henry Comstock—Monumental Liar!" in the April issue, I would like to ask about the ending ("In Butte, Montana, Comstock ended his own life in poverty.").

I have before me a picture I took of Comstock's grave at Bozeman, Montana, a flat tombstone all cracked and weatherbeaten. The people of the area told me he was shot in a card game and died there a pauper. Now who is right?—Mrs. Edward Kliever, Elk River, Minnesota.

Editor's Note: Mike Kennedy of the Montana Historical Society lent us a helping hand by answering this for us. He writes, "Henry T. P. Comstock committed suicide at Bozeman, Montana Territory, September 27, 1870, after he allegedly had squandered his $10,000 as a share in the discovery of the famous Nevada lode. He was penniless, a derelict, drinking and despondent. His grave may be seen at Sunset Hills Cemetery there."

Use Photos on Covers

Gentlemen:

May I make a suggestion? I consider your magazines the most distinctive in their field. When you first started publishing TRUE WEST I was immediately attracted by the historical photographs you used on the front covers. I would like to see you return to this type of cover as some of the present paintings you use are neither authentic nor art and tend to place your magazines in the same class as your imitators. Your policy of western historical research has made your magazines collector's items and I feel that a return to photo covers, especially those of historical interest, would be most appropriate.—George M. Buethe, 1st Sgt., Marine Corps Recruiting Station, 30th and Fort Streets, Omaha, Nebraska.

Editor's Note: We have a surprise for you readers—the October and December TRUE WEST covers. (We had planned to keep this a secret and knock your eyes out with them when they hit the newsstands, but we're so excited over them, we just can't keep our mouths shut.) We hope you will be as impressed with them as we are, and with the "bigger and better" TRUE WEST—with more pages and more photos—that will be coming your way next issue.

Penitent of the Plains

(Continued from page 17)

One evening from the southwest the herd was seen coming toward the railhead heading toward a spot near the race track where the silent figure knelt in prayer.

Closer and closer the herd came, but the lone figure, oblivious of his surroundings, never moved. Almost upon him, the herd suddenly parted. Later, when the dust cleared away and the yelling riders and their herd of bawling cattle had moved on, silhouetted against the sky line was the unharmed and undisturbed kneeling figure of the strange, small man known as "Praying John."

THROUGH the years he became a legendary figure and attained some fame. There was a rare dignity about him which drew a passerby's attention. Once grown, the children who jeered him regarded him as a fable of childhood. As he grew older and more feeble, cowboys who once had annoyed him now treated him kindly and paid him to water their horses along Front Street.

A stonemason of sorts, Horrigan was employed for a time by a local merchant who became his friend. Over a period of years and through hours of subtle questioning, the merchant was unable to penetrate into the man's mysterious life. But he did succeed in persuading him to have his picture taken.

One enterprising Ellis merchant arranged to buy and sell souvenir plates of fine imported china decorated with the portrait of "Praying John" which had been copied from his photograph and handpainted by artists in Austria and Germany. The glowing colors forming the background to the picture-plate depict the beautiful blue and sunset pinks of the sky.

Horrigan once spoke of his family to a friend and confided, "My fortune and all the secret things that people are curious about, I keep in my trunk in my room." In his barren room he did have a trunk. It is said to have contained nothing when opened at the time of his death.

Most every resident in Ellis at that time could point out "Praying John," the town character, and tell some stories about him but not a word of it ever came from the man involved.

Whatever it was for which the kind little man prayed forgiveness, whatever the secret burden was that saddened him, died within the heart of its strange, reticent keeper.

Shaded by a red cedar tree in Mount Hope Cemetery, the small flat monument put there by a local citizen is inlaid with the simple epitaph befitting his life in Ellis:

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So the coupon below IS worth a dollar any way you look at it. Instead of 25c per copy, $3.00 for 12 issues (our present rates) new rates will be 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues. But, again, all existing subscriptions, extensions or new subscriptions sent in before the raise becomes effective WILL BE HONORED IN THEIR ENTIRETY AT OLD RATES! Limit at old rates is 24 issues, either new or extension.

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